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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE SPIRIT OF READING

WITHOUT daring to analyze the contrast between the reading of today and the reading of many yesterdays with respect to character and quality, and judging entirely by the present day enthusiasm for books as books, I am convinced that this is the Golden Age of reading. No doubt there are many contributing causes for this fine revival of reading, but I want briefly to state the case for the publishers and their share in bringing about this very encouraging situation.

Five years ago there was instituted the National Association of Book Publishers, which now numbers over sixty members, representing as many of the leading publishers of books in the United States. The primary object of the Association is to stimulate the reading and the buying of books. The work of the Association is largely directed toward "everywhere where books are sold" — in other words toward sending purchasers into bookstores and toward rendering such purchasers intelligent service once they are in the bookstore. In addition to this most direct effort, there is cultivated an interest in reading through Public Libraries, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the National Education Association, the churches, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, and by means of radio broadcasting and motion pictures.

For an organization so little heralded, the facts and statistics of its activities are staggering in their importance and enormity. The machinery of the Association is directed by rotating committees of publishers whose services are neither perfunctory nor unselfish, and the net result is a great known development in the interest in reading and the sale of books.

Now Barabbas *was* a publisher — an epithet that in the minds of some still clings and applies to the present generation of publishers — but none may successfully establish that the publisher of today *is* Barabbas. Nor do I make the slightest claim that he is unselfish. But I maintain that the publisher members of the Association

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are a group of earnest, fearless, level headed, capable business men with a fine sense of their obligations to the community and to the state; and that underlying the very natural desire to attain a reasonable competence there is real effort to cultivate the sale of books for reasons much more of consequence than the purely commercial.

I am not pleading for any other recognition of the publisher than that he is fully alive to his obligations and, in a literary, ethical, and commercial sense, is living up to those obligations, that he is supplying the reading public with an ample amount of good reading at the minimum of cost.

There is this much of defense in my brief for the publisher. As a class we are accused of lacking ordinary business sagacity and energy — we have often been called stupid by those uninformed — we are told that our product is not distributed with the intelligence and skill which marks the distribution of cigars, candies, haberdashery, or many other articles of merchandise. The record of the work of the National Association of Book Publishers completely disproves these wild and false assertions. And by its campaigns of education the Association will still further develop the spirit of reading. The results will be a stimulating of the national conscience and a tendency toward an education of our people that will make us growingly more homogeneous — for, thank God, publishing is still done in the language of our forefathers and our fireside. —*G. H. D.*

THE READING OF BIOGRAPHY

SOMEONE asked not long ago, "How long will the present popularity of biography last?" The question was based upon a false premise. Biography as such and autobiography have always been popular. The fact that biographies of one sort and another have been appearing with more frequency on the best seller lists means, perhaps, only that publishers have learned how to reach a larger market for these books. Such a taste, once created, widens, and it is more than probable that it will continue. Biographical volumes will undoubtedly share in large sales with fiction for many years to come. This season the book world has offered a peculiar phenomenon, in that no one type of book has stood out as being more popular than another type of book. There was a time when the realistic novel met with the furor of popular approval. At the moment a realistic novel must be an excellent one in order to lift its head above the evenly moving mass of current fiction. There was a time when publishers printed the historical story with great caution, because the public taste for it seemed sated. Now, a good historical novel, like a good sentimental romance, finds its readers. Last season the cross word puzzle book and the highly popularized biography seemed to hold the fore. The temper of 1925–6 in the book world seems to be an even one. People have somewhat recovered from the tempestuous mind-states of the reconstruction period immediately following the war. They are observing their natural tastes. They are rambling among library and bookshop shelves according to the dictates of their own minds. It is not quite so easy for a popular critic to sway a whole mass of people to an individual book or to a type of book as it was a few years since. We are becoming individualists again in our reading as in our thought. As such healthy beings, we shall go on

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reading biography and autobiography, because from books of that type the human soul gains one of its strongest and steadiest inspirations and foods. Perhaps, with Matthew Arnold, we shall turn more away from the contemporary, perhaps we shall even turn with joy to the ancients. What ringing sentences are these, found in the preface to an edition of his poems:

> The present age makes great claims upon us: we owe it service, it will not be satisfied without our admiration. I know not how it is, but their commerce with the ancients appears to me to produce, in those who constantly practise it, a steadying and composing effect upon their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general. They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience; they are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live. They wish neither to applaud nor to revile their age: they wish to know what it is, what it can give them, and whether this is what they want. What they want, they know very well; they want to educe and cultivate what is best and noblest in themselves: they know, too, that this is no easy task . . . and they ask themselves sincerely whether their age and its literature can assist them in the attempt. If they are endeavouring to practise any art, they remember the plain and simple proceedings of the old artists, who attained their grand results by penetrating themselves with some noble and significant action, not by inflating themselves with a belief in the preeminent importance and greatness of their own times. They do not talk of their mission, nor of interpreting their age, nor of the coming Poet; all this, they know, is the mere delirium of vanity; their business is not to praise their age, but to afford to the men who live in it the highest pleasure which they are capable of feeling. If asked to afford this by means of subjects drawn from the age itself, they ask what special fitness the present age has for supplying them: they are told that it is an era of progress, an age commissioned to carry out the great ideas of industrial development and social amelioration. They reply that with all this they can do nothing; that the elements they need for the exercise of their art are great actions, calculated powerfully and delightfully to affect what is permanent in the human soul; that so far as the present age can supply such actions, they will gladly make use of them; but that an age wanting in moral grandeur can with difficulty supply such, and an age of spiritual discomfort with difficulty be powerfully and delightfully affected by them.

NATHALIA CRANE

THE child author of "The Janitor's Boy" and "Lava Lane" has recently been accused by various newspaper men and other supposed gentlemen of being a hoax. Her sophisticated lyrics, delightful in themselves, have been attributed to older poets of current fame. The press seized upon this item and little Miss Crane's pictures were widely spread across pages, many persons were interviewed and asked to give an opinion as to whether or not a child really could have written these verses. The Crane family was naturally irate. This entire performance seems lacking in dignity. No child should be subjected to such unpleasantness, and Nathalia Crane is a real child. It is hard to believe that any group of poets would perpetrate so monstrous a hoax. Or that a publicity agent would lend himself to so questionable a scheme. There have been literary hoaxes in the past, some of them vastly amusing; but they did not involve the honor and the word of a child. It was a cruel thing to force her to sit down and compose verses to prove her genius, as was done. Is this action not enough to ruin whatever talent for writing and whatever faith in living she has?

"Lava Lane" is announced by its publishers as the work of a child, Nathalia Crane. She has been met. She has been photographed. She has parents and friends. If her work were proved not authentic, the newspapers would most certainly be justified in the

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bitterest censure of the parties involved in so dishonest and cruel a scheme. Before such sure proof is in their hands, they err badly in leaping to a conclusion. Nathalia Crane is a lady, though very young. She says that she writes her poems. It is the part of the well bred to believe her.

HOMEGROWN ART

ONE time there was a fellow who was becoming more and more successful as a writer. But at the same time he was beginning to be considerably puzzled by a note which he observed spreading over the commentary concerning him, a note of increasingly pronounced hostility, in which he could not but feel something of the flavor of personal malice. He made mention of this to a friend, who replied with amusement, "I guess they must have heard that you are getting on." Now, as in the case of this fellow, "they" must have heard that, in the arts, the United States is getting on.

For some little time in the British press there has raged caustic indignation concerning the fact that the motion picture world, which means pretty much the population of the globe, is being "Hollywoodized". Then, a little while back, the editor of one of the most distinguished organs of English opinion let loose a shot of vitriol at contemporary American literature, in particular at that imitator of English finesse, Sinclair Lewis. This connoisseur points out that American writers may hope to achieve value only when they write about American life, and in raw, crude strokes reflect its raw, crude spirit. "Intimate writing", he reasons, can only be for "the European", for some time to come. Also, a bit more recently, echoes over the water the rilement occasioned in London by the unprecedented prices fetched at the Sargent sale and the implication of this — that it is conceivable to regard Sargent as of the first rank among modern painters. It should all be, this pain expressed by our detractors, decidedly heartening to us.

Multiply, too, signs at home that we are making out not so badly right now in the matter of these things of the mind. Here's this remarkable capitulation of our most ferocious castigator kept on the premises, none less than H. L. Mencken. After all these years of lambasting everything in sight because it was not exotic he suddenly comes quite around — our greatest danger now is that from foreign influences, our æsthetic salvation resides in our being homegrown, our artists are admonished to keep away from the cosmopolitan metropolises of the seaboard, the nest of American genius is in the Mississippi Valley and the Tennessee mountains. Things there are to bear him out. The retrospective exhibition now going at the Metropolitan Museum of one of the most capable and interesting painters of our time, George Bellows, is that of a man who never went abroad. Then, among other good portents, the juvenile menace has passed, the fetish of the younger generation; a grown man, and a gentleman of several layers of cultivation, was lately appointed to direct the fortunes of one of our most notable magazines, "The Century". And on the other hand, another, "Harper's", has celebrated the dignity of its years by coming out in the most modish dress. All in all, we needn't be so down in the mouth about looking into the new year.

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THE LURKING CAP AND BELLS

REDUCE the whole world to ridicule, and someone will be forced to take someone else seriously once more. Let's put all the literary and dramatic reviewers quite unashamedly in cap and bells. After they have seen each other so for a time, they will be content to frowst about with a mere scholar's cap, or a last year's felt hat, or any other form of somewhat serious headgear. "You hit me, and I'll hit you!" rings out across the high back walls, where New York's downtown intelligentsia caterwaul. Mr. McNitt, editor of "McNaught's", that brilliant little review of American life, has established in his magazine a new department called "Intelligentsia". It stands opposed to Mr. Mencken's "Americana", now issued in book form as a memorial to those Americans considered by Mr. Mencken among the boobery. The little trick which Mr. McNitt plays is to booberize the booberizers, so to speak, and it proves an amusing game to him and to his readers. This mud slinging is genial enough, it is good fun; surely no one will enjoy it more than Messrs. Mencken and McNitt. They are both hearty gentlemen, excellent editors, who hold hearty and diverse opinions. Far less hearty are others who attempt like tricks. It were scarcely possible, if one set out through the mazes of daily and monthly journalism in this country, if one followed all the writings of any one of the productive gentlemen whose pens fill the literary and semi-literary magazines, not to find many things at which to carp. If one then went even further, to examine their personalities, a thing which has recently become the fashion, what a good old-style reverting to the use of the dueling sword we might have. It was only last year, was it not, that some European editor attempted to kill or else simply assault another? This does not seem to be the fashion in literary circles. But do men intend to go on forever allowing themselves to be insulted in print? Of course they do; they laugh with the rest! Some of the most wholesome and hearty laughter of the next year we may hope to indulge in will be induced as always by the spectacle of critical and personal public debacles among our friends of the newspapers and magazines. The battle of books, the battle of words — perhaps it is even beside the point to hope for a little dignity.

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RAPTURE FOR THE REASONABLE

By Irwin Edman

HAPPINESS, as everyone knows who has read Horace or lived until middle age, consists in choosing and finding the golden mean. The romantic temperament is largely a chronological matter, and the Faust of twenty one may lust for all possible experience in the hope of finding somewhere in his mad course the end of the rainbow. He learns better. At forty almost everyone is willy nilly classicist, and has discovered out of necessity how to make graceful submission to the finite conditions of things. One finds a decent content in quiet untheatrical goods. A modicum of respectable success comes to be an adequate surrogate for fame. The not incredibly blue firmament of domesticity seems more steadily interesting than love's first wild stars of rapture. A smile to those disciplined by years has no less reverberations of joy than youth's outlived Rabelaisian laughter. In place of tragic frustrations and acute rebellions, in their retrospect so quaintly absurd, at forty one settles down, pleasantly enough, to mild autumnal regrets.

Thus generally speaks middle age, and middle age is doubtless right. The human spirit may be adapted to ecstasy for as short a time as the human body is adapted to tennis. Golf, perhaps, is the outer symbol of the state of mind that is maturity. It requires walking instead of running, and one can play it even by oneself.

The reasonable distrust rapture, and the reasonable are generally middle aged. But in our generation there has occurred a phenomenon highly interesting to those curious as to paradoxes in emotions and ideas. Youth itself, at least among its more alert and articulate members, has made a cult of being reasonable and, along with its parents, has come to distrust extremes, even of delight. When Robert Nathan a few years ago published his wistful book of verse entitled "Youth Grows Old", he might have added "very rapidly". The younger generation, under its widely advertised surface of hysteria and excitement, has come to entertain certain quiet and solid conclusions about the meaning and the conduct of life. Perhaps because so many young people have found no meaning to speak of in life as a whole, they have thought it more fruitful to be solicitous as to how the random current that is an individual being may be kept most continuously electric. Recent conclusions indeed make the search for the Blue Bird of Happiness, always around the corner, seem a trifle pathetic and more than a trifle absurd. There is nothing to prevent a young man from having the perspective of age if he can observe accurately and think with imagination. And young men looking across the half century that remains to them have never, perhaps, in the history of thought or emotion seen the arguments against rapture and abandon so clearly, nor have they ever been more resolutely insusceptible.

Intelligent people, even intelligent

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young people, know, in the first place, that rapture is almost as abnormal a state as despair. It is hard to take seriously any longer Pater's counsel, so dear to the young bloods of the Nineties, to burn always with a hard gem-like flame, to maintain ecstasy as a condition of success in life. Whether or not or how often you burn with a hard gem-like flame hardly depends on you at all. It is largely a matter of physiological condition and economic circumstances, over which few, least of all æsthetes, have any control. Even an undergraduate, touched for the first time by the frozen glow of Pater's sentences and philosophy, knows that neither the human body nor the body politic will enable one to make out of wild transports a delicious and continuous routine. One may envy the butterfly its short mercurial life, and its quick death in the sunlight. But then one can hardly make the brief flutter of that gossamer life, an instant's airy animation, the model after which the long career of pedestrian human dust is to pattern.

Contemporary youth, whose sophistication has made it older than the middle age of other generations, has realized also not too delightedly what the aftermath of rapture may be. One needs not too keen an eye or too unremitting a logic to distinguish between moonlight and marriage, between the sparkling dizzy glory of alcohol and its drab and disintegrating effects. The chanticleers of sex emancipation may crow loudly that all that is electric in human existence comes from the fundamental lascivious energy of sex. But sober minded young men have watched too many reckless flames of freedom go out in a sputtering and ashen death.

The prudential arguments against ecstasy have been familiar, and unheeded, from Aristotle down. But apart from argument and apart from consequences, our whole new generation seems to have become too self conscious and too critical to lend itself to depths or altitudes of emotion. I have for several years now hesitated to touch on the subject of mysticism when lecturing to groups of bright college men. These alert young minds before me knew too much already about the seamy side of beatitude, and were too obviously acquainted with the obscene tatters out of which grand mystic passions are woven. Any literate sophomore these days will tell you what was the matter with some of the more luridly transported of the saints. If he sees one of his contemporaries moving too fervidly in the rarer regions, he has learned from Freud and Havelock Ellis how to explain him pathologically away. We have all become the surgeons of our own emotions, and hence have lost the possibility of that complete naive absorption which is essential to breathlessness and awe.

We in our time distrust anything that approaches sublimity much as the eighteenth century distrusted enthusiasm. We insist on knowing the sexual correlate of rhapsody. We refuse to believe in nobility save as a smooth veil that hides some rot or torment in the soul. The words "noble" and "inspired", applied to a man, are fairly on the way to becoming terms of abuse.

Everything which might have caused a less self conscious generation to cry "*O altitudo*" has been rendered suspect or ridiculous to any save the blind or sentimental. How can anyone believe any longer that he has actually felt the presence of God when even that consoling contact has been dissolved into familiar psychopathic ingredients? The

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undeceived modern knows that it is still possible to be in love, but it is no longer possible for him to be fooled by it. He knows with bitter shrewdness out of what brutal urgencies the darts of the blind god come. No poet of love, even so lyrical a one as Edna St. Vincent Millay, can resist the backfire of biological comment.

> Whether or not we get what we are seeking
> Is idle, biologically speaking.

Even in the fine arts, where a godless generation might have found its secular gods, ecstasy has been made outlaw. Art, we are told by those who know about such matters, is for the tutored discriminations of the eye and ear, not for the hectic disturbance of the diaphragm. The connoisseur must remain quietly and precisely conscious of the qualities he admires. He must not be swept away by a wonder that transcends his analysis and engulfs his being. Nowadays God, love, and art, through which humans have in the past derived their sense of sublimity, have been resolved into their respective machineries, and our awareness of the machinery has prevented us from being overwhelmed. For our predecessors, again, it used to be possible to flee imaginatively to the past, as to an absolute and golden stillness, a calm sea in which the waves of human error and longing had been quieted into an eternal instant for our contemplation. But the new biography has disintegrated the past for us into its mundane human materials, and stirred that sea again into a froth as restless and as wreckstrewn as ourselves.

All that, we are told, is not much loss. Happiness is largely a matter of definition; perhaps it still has a meaning with the purple patches and exultant crescendos left out. But every age, including our own, has had its moralists who were also poets at heart, and to whom life, denatured of its lyric crises, was a form of comfort rather than of felicity. To these no life can be called happy that does not contain at least occasional states of being, deep, momentary, and beautiful, when the soul loses itself as it finds itself in an oblivion of attainment. To a moralist with a poet's fancy, happiness does not enter into a life that is simply a long self possessed routine. It comes rather in heroic flashes when the self is completely possessed, when the lover is lost in the beloved object which he has found, when the eye is filled to ecstasy with what it beholds, when the believer is filled and fused with the radiant presence of the God in whom at last he has his being. Are such summits of absolute union, bliss absolute and irretrievable, to be denied us because our young men are knowing and prudent and wise? Is it impossible, for fear of seeming ridiculous, to scale heights, if only for a moment, and have for short glamorous interludes the sight and touch of the gods?

Surely there is reason for believing that all life is justified by just such moments. For they reveal vividly and unanswerably what the texture and pattern of undiluted perfection would be. If the human spirit were always what it is at its freest and clearest moments, it would be pure flame catching ever renewed fire from the glowing and adequate setting which was its world. In a beautiful apothegm in the "Phædrus", Plato gives eloquent voice to this conviction that all the pedestrian stretches of existence are simply diminutions of man's stature and divinity. "God lives", so runs the passage, "in recollection among those things among which God always abides and in beholding which God is what he is." Perhaps it is only in the

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touching of such summits, the standing among those rare stars of love and beauty and thought which are the proper preoccupation of God, that man is in any important sense alive. All the humdrum trivia of experience may indeed be regarded as corruptions of the spirit, as tarnishings of the god in us by the clay of our mortal beings and the machinery of our mortal conditions. If we were not animals and not fated to live in herds, we might be, what some among us are at moments, gods moving among the gods.

The arguments against dissolution in beatitude are cogent and complete. One cannot live as if one were a thread of pure flame fed by continual contact with the fire of absolute flame itself. The spirit bloweth where it listeth, and there are all sorts of reasons why one cannot live or try to live at white celestial heat. One leaps, too, at one's peril into the searing and disintegrating caldrons of emotion. But it remains a serious and important question whether it is not worth the risk, and whether, moreover, for the reasonable, rapture is still possible.

That it is worth the risk, no one who has ever touched unmistakable felicity will deny. Masefield may be only a poet when he says, "The days that make us happy make us wise." He may also be something of a philosopher. The days that make us happy teach us at least what a perfectly constituted world and what a perfectly adapted human constitution would be. Those crisp autumn mornings when the senses leap freshly to the stimulation of a clear and tingling world — surely a wiser or less hampered Providence would have made the color of our days and the quality of our passage through them to be always like that. Those instants when, though it be but a happy fated illusion, we seem to be inseparably one with another, in the quiet of friendship or the singing radiance of love! Those occasions when we stand before a magic of irreplaceable beauty, a Greek temple at sunset, the Loire valley in autumn, Raphael's precise miracle of color on canvas — surely it is out of such moments that men have imagined Paradise. We may be wise enough to distinguish the dream from the fact, but life provides the materials, scattered though they be, for the mosaic of our dream.

But by what can the modern mind, so suspicious of ecstasy, so thrifty of its emotions, be possessed? A few may still find their adequate felicity in God. In the case of those for whom it is still possible to experience the tremor and pressure of divinity, consciousness must certainly be bathed in that grand cosmic absorption. But many clear heads, awake to evolution and psychiatry, have denied such a balm to their own longing hearts.

Even the most uncompromising of moderns still falls in love, has the quiet subdued pleasure of friendship, and is sensitive to perfect phases in nature and in art. He may know all the sexologists have to teach him about sex, and all the cynics have to tell him about friendship. But that liberal community of vision and warm free identity of feeling which is friendship, no higher modernity can explain away. That acute unity of spirits through union of bodies which is love, still remains a beloved animal fact in the face of all logic and disillusion.

But perhaps chiefly to the arts the austere unillusionable young minds of the present will turn for honest felicity. For, however fine their distinctions and however subtle their theories, they come time and again — in poetry, painting, and music — on moments

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when all distinctions are obliterated and the little consciousness of the connoisseur himself is forgotten. However poor and shabby life with its machinery has come to appear, at least in the sunlit spaces of the arts it has accumulated clear and absorbing goods.

So long as there are lovers to fall in love, friends to find in each other the continual miracle of a second self, dear, intimate and responsive, so long as there are works of art and random artistries of nature, irremediably and inexpressibly beautiful — so long will even the most knowing of moderns be susceptible to rapture. Nor need he be ashamed of it, nor apologetic for it. At the end of a long life, he may well count these Jungfraus of his spirit the only irreversible profits of a pointless life on a pointlessly whirling planet.

MOON-SLANTS

By Reginald Lansing Cook

I

A BOY by a window, nodding over "Treasure Island" . . .
The declining moon like a crooked finger with a long, silver nail, reaching out of the long sleeve of dark, clutching at the low hills.

II

A YOUNG housewife, resting on the arm of a chair, thinking of the morrow . . .
The moon a thin, shallow basket of beaten gold with a hoop handle of enamel, and quite filled with a piece of yellow fruit cake.

III

A JEWELER, napping, over his paper, before retiring . . .
The moon — a golden spangle sprung open; a bracelet torn apart by Vulcan hands.

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WHAT WE READ AND WHY WE READ IT

By Jesse Lee Bennett

II: WHY BOOKS ANYWAY?

MUCH has been said about the relatively small number of books sold in the United States and about some of the basic and immediate reasons for these small sales. But why, after all, should people buy books? Books are very artificial and complicated devices for the transmission of ideas. Men lived for hundreds of thousands of years without them. Even in the seven or eight thousand years of recorded history books have not greatly affected the daily lives of the great majority of men and women.

Human beings must, apparently, exchange thoughts and express themselves. But must the best expression necessarily be in the form of books? Bards and wandering story tellers once transmitted by word of mouth what we now put into printed pages. Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, and Persian monarchs blazoned their pride and their deeds on the sides of mountains or on temple and palace and city walls. The American Indian wrote the story of his exploits on the garments he wore. Many savages seek to record their proudest achievements on their own bodies by tattooing or other forms of decoration. Even by the wearing of sables and jewels!

The first conscious attempt at spreading information or leaving records doubtless developed from egoism and vanity. But less selfish and vainglorious efforts at the transmission of information or the leaving of records were made very far back in the historic procession. Primitive man painted bisons and elephants and horses on the walls of his caves. He made little statuettes of men and women and animals. He sought to record what he saw.

All savages have secret orders through which some effort is made to transmit the experiences or ideas of the ruling types of each generation to the embryonic rulers of the next. These impulses — tens of thousands of years old — found more lasting expression when, in Egypt, the priests or court functionaries left what are among the earliest conscious written historical records we have yet discovered. In the scrolls which were probably the first direct ancestors of our books they left their random accounts of the events which impressed them as the most important happenings of their time. But few men could read the grandiose inscriptions of the monarchs and conquerors. Few men could read the records made by the priests. The efforts made to express tribal or racial or national life were many and painful before the alphabet was finally evolved and found any sort of general comprehension.

John LaFarge, for example, once declared that the famous "seated siva" dance of the Polynesians is the attempt of a race, over long generations, to express — in the only way known to it — many of the most important of its experiences and

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deep lying impulses. He declared that as much human effort and thought went into the development of this dance as into the building of a great Gothic cathedral.

The systematic coordination of experience and understanding, the first conscious efforts to link facts together and to gain some meaning from the association — these developed slowly even after the alphabet had come into existence. But eventually — after a thousand generations of forgotten predecessors — we have the phenomenon of settled societies, the formulation of the codes of Hammurabi and Moses, the development of even such high types of integrated knowledge as are found in the work of Euclid and all the early scholars who sought to put facts and ideas together systematically, to record their labors and make duplicates of the records. Words, fixed in some enduring material, were beginning to seek to tie the minds of men together!

Very much later, when these efforts were becoming successful, when the desire for knowledge began to be conscious and relatively widespread, men traveled to Cairo and to Athens in order to learn certain specific things from scholars and to hear famous philosophers expound their ideas and theories. Even here, however, instruction was probably very largely by word of mouth. Few were the scrolls or other forms of written instruction. Socrates, it will be remembered, left no written works.

Yet libraries of some sort must have existed for a very much longer time than we generally assume. Even as far back as the time of Solomon we have Koheleth saying in Ecclesiastes: "Of making many books there is no end." And successive centuries have deplored the burning of the library at Alexandria, although Bernard Shaw in his play "Cæsar and Cleopatra" has this dialogue:

THEODOTUS: What is burning there is the memory of mankind.
CÆSAR: A shameful memory. Let it burn!
THEODOTUS (*wildly*): Will you destroy the past?
CÆSAR: Ay, and build the future with its ruins.

Even the Mayas — in that mysterious detached civilization of theirs — had accumulated, according to Prescott and others, great masses of manuscripts which the ignorant priests with the *Conquistadores* put into great piles and burned, to the eternal loss and distress of science and history. Some allege that no worthy future has yet been built with the ruins of this particular past!

These random libraries, these few collections of books, were of course the exception which proved the rule. To the degree in which they existed at all, they were few in number and limited in use to the small ruling classes and the priests. Men in general managed to work and fight and eat; to live and love and die without contact with books.

The Chinese, it is claimed, invented movable types many, many centuries before Gutenberg gave to the western world opportunity to make books in large numbers with relative ease. But recall that there was a Chinese emperor who ordered all the books in China destroyed! Always there have been these men of action who have felt that the world was better off without books.

A large proportion of all the people who have lived have apparently agreed with them! There are over seventeen hundred million human beings now on earth. It is highly probable that at least four fifths of them never have read nor ever will read a book. Like

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their ancestors for half a million years, they manage to get along quite well.

Those who make and who read books are not always the happiest, the healthiest, or even the wisest of men and women. Much is to be said in support of those who will have nothing to do with the written word. The enforced physical quiet necessary to read does not seem in proper keeping with the logical destiny of such a vigorous and dynamic physical being as man. The constant reading of books ruins eyes — in evidence of which fact note the enormous numbers of horn rimmed spectacles necessary for modern people who have lost one of the keen pleasures of life, the splendid eyesight which bookless savages possess. Much use of books often weakens the body, for the postures adopted in reading are likely to throw vital organs out of their proper relative positions.

Farmers, fishermen, sailors — all the types which rarely if ever read — probably maintain better health, live longer, and are — at least while they remain young and vigorous — quite as happy as those who seek from printed pages either escape from reality or wider range of understanding of reality.

Books are now looked upon as the most important repositories of knowledge, but one sees how remote books are from nature in the reaction to them of children first entering school. What an arbitrary thing, after all, is the alphabet! Why on earth should children — whose minds should grow happily and healthily as flowers and trees and birds grow — endure the mental pain caused by having such artificial symbols as A and B and C ruthlessly forced into their poor young minds? No wonder a large proportion of children vigorously resist and strongly resent the operation and — once coming to maturity — refuse to permit, as these articles appear to have pointed out, the further injection into their lives of vast numbers of letters printed and bound into book form!

The printed page is a makeshift. For thousands of generations before the invention of the alphabet men were informed by word of mouth. In the future men will certainly be taught by motion pictures; by the radio transmission of lessons given by recognized, supremely capable teachers; by new methods and devices and instrumentalities which we cannot yet foresee but which will certainly be dynamic and constantly moving, better adapted to such vital living things as human beings than these books which require such enforced quiet, such unnatural physical posture, and such deleterious use of the eyes.

All of which drastic strictures being admitted, one may well emphatically ask: "Why books anyway?"

The answer is simple. Books, as yet, afford the only existing means of constantly and continuously enlarging the individual's range of experience; the only means of giving the individual thoroughgoing understanding of any of the great aspects of life; the only means of giving the individual that enduring perspective, broad vision, and real knowledge which are necessary for his security, growth, and happiness under civilized conditions. Other devices may give the same mental or emotional stimulation or delight. But no other devices can so thoroughly and enduringly tie men's minds together, link *men* into Man.

Note that, after all, it *was* the ruling classes or the classes consciously or unconsciously building civilization which used the few books existing in

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the ancient world. Note that books have always been definitely and closely associated with the dominant classes of all civilizations. Note that it is during the past seven thousand years, in which books in some form have existed, that civilization has advanced faster and more steadily than in all the hundreds of thousands of years before. Note that it is only in the four or five centuries since Gutenberg's invention permitted the widespread use of books, that civilization has forged ahead with a speed never before even dreamed or imagined. Note that enduring wealth and power, enduring physical, mental, and emotional well being, enduring happiness, appear to come only to those broad classes in civilization in whose lives books form a very important part.

The future may bring devices which will relegate books to an inferior place. But until the future does actually bring such devices it will be necessary to go to books if one desires rounded information and knowledge, the best emotional treatment of life, or any consistent picture of the best that has been and is being done, thought, planned, experienced, created, or hoped for by human beings. As yet no other device can tie the thought of men together as can books. As yet no other device can record knowledge as books record it. All the other devices for the transmission of ideas lack either permanency or the possibility of giving thoroughgoing and integrated treatment.

Books reflect the mind and life of the race as a whole as nothing else can hope to do. Only by books can mathematicians communicate to each other, throughout all nations and over generations, elaborate formulæ. Only by books can engineers transmit to each other effective records of their achievements and experiments, their trials and failures, their trials and successes. Only through books can physicians convey to each other throughout the world consistent understanding of their work, their discoveries, their theories, their achievements in the many subdivided fields of modern medicine. Only through books can general or special race experience be codified, crystallized, rendered of greatest permanent usefulness. With all their obvious defects, books have won and still hold their place as the treasure house of recorded human experience, aspiration, and understanding.

A life without books is a life inevitably and inexorably limited to a narrow range of experience and thought. Life without books which give rounded understanding, new emotional and intellectual stimulation, contact with vivid and inspiring personalities, is unnecessarily sterile and limited. Newspapers and magazines will satisfy some crude demand for such understanding and stimulation, and may even awaken the desire for richer and riper understanding and for keener stimulation. But only books can satisfy the latter. For periodical literature of all sorts is too lacking in integration; is too haphazard, too uncoordinated. It cannot give such complete understanding of the details of any one aspect of life as books can give. The physical form of books furnishes, moreover, the time element, the permanency which is requisite for the satisfactory transmission of ideas.

At the Convention of the American Booksellers Association in 1925 Basil Blackwell of Oxford, England, truly declared:

> In the last twenty five years we have raised the status of bookselling to such a

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point that we can now justly claim some of the best minds in the younger generation, and after all, why should we not have them? When you consider it, is not an enlightened and efficient bookselling trade probably the most potent civilizing factor in the world? The words of the statesman, preacher, professor, are easily forgotten; the work of the journalist is often stale before we have finished breakfast; but in the book the printed word abides, and if we can get into our bookselling trade men of education and ideals and personality, I believe that we ought to be able practically to swing the world.

Ludwig Lewisohn rightly says:

Men go to books not — Heaven forbid — for instruction, but for warmth and light, for a thousand new perceptions that struggle inarticulately within themselves, for the enlargement of their experience, the echo of their discords and the companionship of beauty and terror for their troubled souls. They go to literature for life, for more life and keener life, for life as it crystallizes into higher articulateness and deeper significance. The enlargement and clarification of men's experience — that is the function of literature.

H. G. Wells maintains:

An untaught man is but himself alone, as lonely in his ends and destiny as any beast; a man instructed is a man enlarged from that narrow prison of self into participation in an undying life that began we know not when, that grows above and beyond the greatness of the stars.

Emerson wrote:

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years have set in best order their learning and their wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible; solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friends is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

Not without just reason was it that such a man as Edward Gibbon confessed:

A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the wealth of the Indies.

The wealth of the Indies is very great. With some very tiny proportion of it one could have the finest palaces, the loveliest women, the rarest wines and food, the most perfect airplanes and motors, everything one could possibly imagine or conceive to add to the physical pleasures of life. It is because the physical pleasures of life do not endure while the pleasures of the mind and imagination do persist; because the body inexorably loses its fire, slows down, wears or burns out while the mind does not inexorably disintegrate, that books — with all the defects and evils which we have taken pains to point out — have won and are holding the affection of men; are necessary for the happiness of the race or for the happiness of the individual.

Since we are quoting from men of the past who have tried to answer our question of "Why books anyway?" we might bring in Leigh Hunt who said:

Cities perish, kingdoms are swept away yet this little body of thought that lies before me in the shape of a book has existed thousands of years.

Arthur Schopenhauer stated:

In reading we indeed think for a time with the brains of others.

Not only do we think with the brains of others but we feel with the emotions of others and we might almost be said to experience with the senses of others. The explorer who has spent years of his life and tens of thousands of dollars; has endured hardships and disasters of every sort, brings us in his book, which we may read in three or four hours, the most intense reactions of his consciousness to all the things he has seen and done.

Langford declared:

The only true equalizers in the world are books; the only treasure-house open to all comers is a library; the only jewel which will not decay is knowledge; the only jewel which you carry beyond the grave is wisdom. To live in this equality, to possess

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this wealth, and to secure this jewel may be the happy lot of everyone. All that is needed for the acquisition of these inestimable treasures is the love of books.

Thousands of years ago the Chinese saw this as clearly as we see it today. Lâo-tse said:

A man may know the world without leaving the shelter of his roof. The Sage knows things without travelling, names things without having seen them and performs everything without action.

Socrates counseled:

Employ your time by improving yourself by other men's writings; so shall you come easily by that for which others have labored hard. Prefer knowledge to wealth, for the one is transitory, the other perpetual.

Centuries after (but what are centuries where books are concerned—books, the machinery for that "time-binding" capacity which Alfred Korzybski declares to be the essential human characteristic!), Voltaire lashed his generation:

You despise books; you, whose lives are absorbed in the vanities of ambition, the pursuit of pleasure, or in indolence; but remember that all the known world, excepting only savage nations, is governed by books.

And even a man like Sir Philip Sidney advised his fellow Englishmen of a period when books were not widely used:

It is manifest that all government of action is to be got by knowledge, and knowledge best, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading.

But life is more than knowledge. It is also feeling. Arnold Bennett says of Charles Lamb's essay "Dream Children":

It is a classic because it transmits to you, as to generations before you, distinguished emotion, because it makes you respond to the throb of life more intensely, more justly and more nobly.

Arnold Bennett also says of books as a whole:

Literature is the vast reservoir of true ideas and high emotions—and life is constituted of ideas and emotions. In a world deprived of literature, the intellectual and emotional activity of all but a few exceptionally gifted men would quickly sink and retract to a narrow circle. The broad, the noble, the generous would tend to disappear for want of accessible storage. And life would be correspondingly degraded because the fallacious idea and the petty emotion would never feel the upward pull of the ideas and emotions of genius. Only by conceiving a society without literature can it be realized that the function of literature is to raise the plain towards the top level of the peaks. Literature exists so that where one man has lived finely ten thousand may afterwards live finely. It is a means of life; it concerns the living essence.

And do not forget Louis Untermeyer's lines:

This is man's noblest edifice. All else
Crumbles and rots.
His loftiest stone is thrust
Into the patient and ironic dust.
His iron ships, his scornful citadels
Are scattered by a whiff of fiery shells
That mingle with them in a pool of rust.
But words, mere words, invulnerable, august
Become his statesmen and his sentinels.

We live in an age and in a country where all men seek power, so probably we can make no more fitting final quotation than the one from Francis Bacon:

Knowledge is power.

Knowledge *is* power. Kipling makes Maximus in the story, "A Centurion of the 30th", assert: "He who would be master anywhere must know everything everywhere."

Whether one would be master of the world, of others, or master of one's own mind, one's own emotions, one's own life and happiness, one must know the broad essentials of everything worth knowing, and those essentials can be gained only from books.

There is every reason, then, why America should buy books, why the very limited sale of books in this country must inevitably be regarded as a

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fact of the most profound social significance; why sudden marked increase in the general production and purchase of books is a matter worthy of careful study.

The world forges ahead into a future fraught with more perplexing problems than any worldwide generation has ever confronted. The continuing and enduring ability of the individual to solve his own problems satisfactorily may quite possibly result only from his proper understanding of the place of books in life and from his proper use of the books he chooses for himself.

The ability of America to steer her course safely through all the foreign and domestic rocks and rapids and whirlpools which will confront all the great powers during the next three generations, may depend upon development of the national intelligence; and the national intelligence can be properly developed only by the wisest widespread use of the best possible books.

The future is a maze and only the most intelligent and best informed nations will move easily and painlessly through it.

CINQUAINES

By Muriel Chou

COLD stars
So white and cold
Stare down at me and say —
Who is she to think her arms might reach
This high?

Today
Is a gay child
Building lovely castles
For new tomorrows to
Tear down.

The soft
White snow falls
Silently, over
The ground where lie asleep my
Quiet dead. . . .

I stand
On a Ghetto
Street corner and watch the
History of four thousand weary years
Go by. . . .

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MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION

By Honoré Willsie Morrow

Sketched by J. Iver Rose

YES, *Elsie Dinsmore.* Even now, I can't pick up one of the shabby red books without a return of the old thrill. Not that I ever have reread her! That one memory shall remain in shadowy perfection with never a bitter ray of mature judgment to strike and destroy it. Yes, Elsie! — although I agree with all that you say concerning the literary horrors committed by her creator. The fact remains that no one else ever competed with her in her profound reality to me. Not little Paul Dombey, nor Florence, nor Jan of the Windmill, nor Jackanapes, nor Jo, Beth, Amy and Meg March; not Tom, the Water Baby, nor Cedric Errol — No modern, movie cursed child can dream how real they all were to me, how they were a part of my daily life. With later years, other heroes: John Ridd, John Halifax, Don Quixote, Little Emily, Jane Eyre; but none of them so dear as Elsie. I wonder why. My mind goes back and back. It is Sunday afternoon. I am a long legged child of eight or so and I'm uncomfortable in a starched white dress and I sniff pleasantly at my hands that still smell of the Saturday night bath with Castile soap. I have been to Sunday School and I have brought home a book. I sit with it in the hammock made of barrel staves and I'm chewing "white" gum. I wonder, is it made now, size of a silver dollar with a beautiful picture stuck to its gleaming surface? The hammock bumps into the picket fence. My small sister is trying to climb into the hammock and she begs me for help. But I — Elsie's father has forced her to remain on the piano stool until she has fainted. I give no heed to my sister's pleading. I read on and on. Mother calls me, gives me the pail with which to go for the evening milk. I hide Elsie under my skirt, holding her through my pocket with one hand while I take the pail with the other. I read as I walk under the trees over the dusty road to Mrs. Lamy's. I bump into posts and persons and dogs. Elsie is very ill. She is dying. — O, Christ, dear Christ Whom Elsie so adored, don't let Elsie die! — I stand in the barn door while Mrs. Lamy finishes milking and I read in the fading light of the sun. They have sent for Elsie's father! Mrs. Lamy pours the milk in on top of the ticket. I fish it out and wipe it on my skirt. I am flying into Elsie's playroom to pray with Mammy Chloe. I forget to take my surreptitious drink of warm milk—the self awarded wage of a faithful milk deliverer. Elsie dies. I put the pail on the ground and, holding the book against my little starched front, I lean my forehead against a tree and sob bitterly; I, who never before had shed a tear over a book, nor have ever since. — Far down the street my mother calls, "Ho-no-ré!" That lilting, lovely contralto call that carried like a bugle note. God, if I could hear it again! It would lift me from my coffin with a gush of love in my frozen veins. "Ho-no-ré!" I lift the pail and I fly up the path to the door. — Under the brass student lamp, I read on. *She did not die.* She came back to the shelter of her terrible father's understanding and love. I carried the book to bed with me and I put into my prayers a special thank you because Elsie did not die. She is all that our best educators and librarians say a child's heroine should not be. And for all that, she is immortal, to me and a million others.

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Elsie Dinsmore

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MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION

By Floyd Dell

Sketched by J. Iver Rose

MY favorite hero, I suppose, is Julien Sorel in Stendhal's "The Red and the Black". At any rate, I have returned to the account of his life again and again, and have been unfailingly charmed and profoundly amused by his proud and ridiculous adventures. Yet the phrase "favorite hero" is a little odd as applied to Julien. That ambitious and scheming little peasant, so proud of his conquests of ladies of quality, so ruthlessly intellectual in his analysis of his emotional affairs, so utterly unable to take life for a moment as it comes, without estimating what opportunities it offers for enhancing his own egotistic plans — he is scarcely a hero to be fond of, not at all one to love. He is perhaps merely the most acutely and relentlessly observed young intellectual in fiction. It is not a lovable type. Nor is he — the young intellectual, in life or in literature — a figure to be pitied. He may be poor, he may be friendless — but he can look out for himself. He has his own strength, and he can use it dangerously. Given, sooner or later, by reason of his qualities of mind, a place of a sort in the world of the rich and powerful, he takes their bounty with a secret hauteur, and remains implacably their enemy. He has his own code of honor, quite different from theirs, which he despises. His own code requires of him that he miss no opportunity to advance his purposes, and that he be afraid of nothing. He moves among these aristocrats, dressed like one of themselves, treated like one of themselves; but they have not forgotten that he is an outsider — nor has he. His relations with his kind patrons are, in his own mind, hostile ones. They are, most of all, his enemies. Loyalty has no part in his makeup. Or so at least he thinks of himself. Actually there is a flaw in this pattern of cold and calculating egotism. He is actually, the wretch, capable of passionate love, of madness, of impulsive and reckless folly. One looks forward to this revelation, and yet one is disappointed when it comes. One hates to see Julien betrayed by his hidden weakness into behaving like other people. The world is full of people who are ruled by their emotions. The earlier Julien, cold blooded and cold hearted little monster that he is, is the man for me. And the passage in which he meets his match, in a girl of that aristocracy which he serves and hates, is the perfect unfolding of his temperament. Mathilde, as cool and proud a young hussy as has ever appeared in the pages of a book, despises the fashionable young men about her; her pride will be satisfied with nothing less than an intrigue with this scornful young secretary. Not that she loves him; but at any rate he is not commonplace. She appoints a meeting; he is to climb up to her window by means of a ladder on a bright moonlight night. And Julien, sure that this is only a ruse to entrap him, believing that her room will be filled with bravos who will assassinate him, nevertheless requires of himself that he meet this challenge. Frightened, with pistols in every pocket, he climbs the ladder in the moonlight. The girl, equally frightened, but equally proud, congratulates herself on having been right in her estimate of his courage. Vanity and pride have prompted them both to this adventure — and vanity and pride carry them through it after a fashion. "Never", says Sten-

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Julien Sorel

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dhal of his hero and heroine, "were matters of such a tender nature discussed in such a tone of freezing politeness." They appeared, he says, less like two lovers than two people who hated each other profoundly — which was perhaps the truth. But the picture of Julien, dressed in the Parisian style of 1830, with knee breeches, silk stockings, and ruffled shirt, climbing that ladder with pistols sticking out of his pocket, and a heart full of fear, pride, vanity, ambition, hatred, and self satisfaction, to a romantic meeting with a girl whom he does not love, is for me a fascinating symbol of much that the heart of youth holds, unconfessed save in this frank and shameless avowal of Stendhal's! Poor Julien! — poor miserable heart of youth, rather, tormented by pride, and goaded on by vanity to ridiculous and heroic follies! What did Julien really want? — what does high and heroic youth really want, if it could put aside pride and vanity, and learn the truth about itself? Something commonplace, no doubt, something very easy to attain, something not at all worth writing a book about. But Julien never learned. His short life was proud and vain and ridiculous to the end, and so he remains eternally interesting.

TO A PSYCHOANALYST

By Marcia Nardi

NOW that I have told you all my sorrows,
Unfolded, as to wind, the cunning knot
Of petal-frail excuses for a sadness
Less tangible, though sweeter, than I thought;
Now that I have given you the reasons
For which I plowed with pain my lonely heart,
Regret, as for a vanished fragrance, haunts me,
And life falls, like a full blown rose, apart.

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THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR

By Thomas Burke

PART II

MRS. GREENSPAN, plodding down Camden Passage that Sunday afternoon, pushing a damp child before her, attracted gawky wit from the lounging boys. Her long black skirt and cape, her bent shoulders, and her limping gait asked for it. She answered it with a "Grrr!" She didn't like boys; great hulking things, hanging about the street on Sundays, making a din and jeering at everybody. Brats. They "Grr'd" back. She turned, still holding the child. As she turned they ran. There was something about this woman and her blackness that struck at some spot of superstition: when she turned upon boys they ran; and even men and women who had spoken to her were moved to tell other people how nice and bright and chatty she was; not a bit like you'd expect. She looked back at the boys. From a safe distance they "Yah'd" her, and shouted, "Old Mother Greenspan, born in a frying pan."

She went on her way. Against them she was impotent, and they knew it and thought they were hurting her. They did not know that she had a secret castle, lit by a secret lamp, where all lights and scorns from the outside world could be annulled; where she could assert herself and live in unshakable self esteem. By the knowledge of this secret castle she was able to walk about the streets in open eccentricity, and receive rebuffs and jeers which fell dead about her. Once in that castle, she could express and satisfy all sense of injury and of the injustice of ignoble beings, and in it her twisted soul found something cleansing; she felt stronger and steadier after each indulgence. For years she had sought her anodyne here and there, along the wide paths of common creatures; but the sweet coarse things that grew there were no solace for twisted souls. She wandered, and looked elsewhere, and found it at last. She had her hand on it now; and when boys in the street jeered at her, or people looked curiously at her — she was still sensitive to these things — she thought of the child, Connie; and an iron gate fell between her and the harsh world. All else was a wet sky, but with Connie she could pass into a world of dark color and delights. She kept that thought in the background of her life as other people keep tonics in a cupboard. Denied, by eccentricity, the little humanities of her kind — shops and gossip and perhaps the tavern — she was alone with her own mind. Working day by day at odd job tailoring that brought just enough for food, and facing at the end of each day a lustreless trail of evening, she turned queer. All bounce and buoyancy had been sucked from heart and heel; Connie and one other matter could alone stir her pulse.

Camden Passage, impassable to traffic, is a little alley of utility shops — barbers, tobacconists, greengrocers, confectioners, news agents. On Sundays it holds the litter and the combined smells of all these trades, and is a

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favorite lounging place for males and females of the sapling age. She limped and rustled through it, and round the corner, and so entered that jungle of interlocking byways that lies between Essex Road and Hoxton. Each of these byways was an avenue of brick boxes, and in the October twilight these masses of human habitations were more terrible than lonely rocks in the sea. They made a blue mist in which the woman and the child lost human shape and became random specks of mortality. They evoked the ultimate horror — the horror of something that does not end, of the question to which the only answer is a riddle.

All this part of North London — Islington, Canonbury, Shacklewell, de Beauvoir Town, Haggerston, Homerton — holds its riddle; a riddle as deep as the riddle of the desert. Seen from the railway it is a reticent landscape that more nearly suggests hell than any corner of the Black Country or Lancashire, for it evokes the image of a dead thing with the potentiality of life. It has not the splendid disorder of the industrial districts where the world's business is done. It holds the mystery of that something which is nothing — the maisonette and the backyard, forlorn terraces, derelict factories. It is the London behind the scenes, part of the fixtures, the struts that support the painted cloth. Office buildings are frankly office buildings, and achieve their beauty. Docks and warehouses and sidings are frankly ugly, and justify their ugliness. But the maisonette and the blasted heath are silent, not with the silence of Nirvana, but with the silence of one who once spoke, and has been stricken dumb. Over all is a wan and dejected air that belongs to the gateway of the ultimate melancholy, and here the lost stranger may suffer the hidden knowledge of damnation.

None of the materials of horror is present; only the common features of a great city — rows of little houses, acres of grey roofs, lines of bedroom windows, a few shops, a stationary cart, listless figures moving across the road; bits of bald turf, spots of brown grass, tracts of mounded earth; tracts that were cleared for building sites and never became building sites, and now waver between grass and desert. But from these things rises a spirit that oppresses the air and all color and beauty that may be in it, and weighs upon the soul more terribly than any cry or any vision of the accepted terrible. Life seems at lowest ebb. The traveler looks down into apathetic streets, upon apathetic people shaking mats, cleaning steps, or going upon their errands; and is filled with dread and nausea; forgetting that all this expanse of torn roofs is made of homes. The towzled gardens, the miles of washing, the blear windows, the squat chimneys: each constituent is a home; some man's achievement; and the weary creatures plodding across them are immortal souls seeking happiness, living shining moments among parched years, loving their babies and fearing God. The fields of huddled houses and the latticed streets make an aching mass that only faintly palpitates. They are the work of men who were mean of mind and soul, and that meanness hovers about them as nobility and passion hover about the great cathedrals. But though it poisons the air and fills the heart of the traveler with dismay, the people who live in it are immune; and each dot on that grievous map of roofs is a spot where some man will wish to be when the last trouble is upon him.

Mrs. Greenspan went through it without seeing it: her mind was set on other things. Having pushed her charge through two streets of the brick

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boxes, she released her and waved her forward into a long street of shabby houses with areas and front steps, which held all the unspeakable spleen of Sunday afternoon. Its end was lost in primrose vapor, and its lampposts converged into a ranked company. From its windows came its audible expression of the day of rest — acid howls from gramophones and weak chords from untunable pianos. They went a hundred yards down this street, and into another street of brick boxes, but graced, here, with front gardens of four square yards, some of them imitating real gardens and others yielding to the moral rot of the builder. The houses were shut and blinded; and the street so empty that a solitary hawker crying winkles and watercress filled it with his voice and figure. From this street they turned down a passage which opened into a yard. In past days of prosperity, the yard had been a mews, housing the carriages and horses of four City men of the district; now, faintly retouched, it served as homes for half a dozen of London's workers. At the end of the yard was a dilapidated gate leading to an isolated loft where the keeper of the stables had slept. They went through this gate, up the steps, and into the loft — Connie in front.

Mrs. Greenspan shut the gate behind her, and, in the loft, shut and locked the door. "Home again!" The child stood, arms hanging, where she had entered: five paces from the door. Mrs. Greenspan looked at her, and said again, with clotted levity — "Home again! Eh? See that table!"

The room was long and raftered and lit by a skylight. There were lamp and candle available, but Mrs. Greenspan did not light them. The skylight gave the room the last of the dusk, which was sufficient to show its main features in a violet nebula, and was agreeable to her humor. It was furnished with an American cloth sofa, breaking into eruptions of wadding; two wooden chairs and one wicker chair with a limp leg; a strip of green matting as carpet; a low trestle bed with coverings that might have been blankets and counterpanes or might have been horse cloths; a small mattress on the floor, similarly dressed; a small chest of drawers; a deal box holding coal and wood, a large water can, and a rickety bamboo table on which stood a sewing machine. The tiny fireplace was of the cottage kind; its shelf held an assortment of biscuit and tea tins — presents from the kind ladies of the church; and a cupboard at the side, whose door would not close, revealed an assortment of cooking plant and tableware. The table of Mrs. Greenspan's speech was covered by a cloth that had once been a window curtain, and was littered with plates, forks, spoons, cups, and a greasy cracked dish.

Over all hung a faint smell of horse and harness, and an atmosphere that spoke of indigent domesticity making the best of things. Ordinary folk, peeping at it, felt that there was a lively spirit directing its estate. The things that could shine, shone. The wooden floor was well swept. Clothes were neatly hung on hooks. The things in the cupboard were arranged with precision. It said warmth and establishment. It said industry and perseverance. It said home, sweet home. And it lied. One or two highly sensitive people connected with the church had penetrated this atmosphere, and had hinted at an uncomfortable feeling — the sort of feeling (one said) of meeting fancy dress in broad sunlight; something wrong about it and about the people who lived in it; but they were dismissed by the regular

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workers, who had known Mrs. Greenspan for years, as fanciful. They had to see things before they perceived them, and as they had seen nothing, nothing was there.

In the cobweb light Mrs. Greenspan carefully took off her hat and cape, and hung them on a peg. She went to a six inch mirror on the mantelshelf and patted her hair. She looked round at the child, who stood still, staring. She rustled to a corner by the fireplace and reached over the coal box, and took something from behind it. She went slowly to the sofa, and put what she had taken on the head of the sofa. She went to the cupboard, took out a cake, cut a slice, and carried it to the sofa. She made herself comfortable, and took a bite. Then, looking toward the fireplace, and with mouth full, she spoke.

"Come here!"

The child moved to her, shrinking, with a face of chalk. "Stand here. In front of me." She looked at her, smiling deeply, and eating; looked straight at her so that the child could not drop her eyes or turn aside, but could only fearfully look back. "Now then. You're nice and wet, ain't you, duckie? Sopping wet. You'd better get those things off. Quick. Have to give you a little dose o' something to stop you catching cold." She took a bite of the cake, and munched. "Get 'em all off. Come on, now. Quick."

Without complaint or whimper, without moving from where she stood, without moving her eyes, the child reached up to her frock, loosened it and withdrew her arms. It fell in a wet circle about her feet. Her hands and shoulders shuddered. "Now your shoes and socks. Everything. Go on." Fumbling fingers obeyed. Mrs. Greenspan smiled. "Now you come here, you Connie Giltspur. I got some questions to ask you. . . . First I want to know what you was doing there. And I want to know the truth. Then, perhaps . . ."

The child knew that the examination was an idle excuse; part of the ceremonial. The end was always the same, but the form was always followed. Never did this woman swoop upon her and cuff her, as irritated mothers sometimes do. There was no fire or temper here; it was a lingering farce of which the misty and malarious mind savored each moment.

"Come on, now — what was you doing there?"

"Listening."

"Listening to what?"

"Music."

"Music, eh? Music on Sundays. Look at that table. Past five, and not cleared yet. What you think the ladies would say if they was to come in and see 'em. Eh? . . . Answer!"

"I don't . . . know."

"More do I. I know what they'd think, though. They'd think this was a nice home and me a nice manager. That's what they'd think, duckie. And they mustn't think it. . . . Standing outside a public house. And on Sunday, too. Getting me a bad name. What d'you think they'd have thought of me if they'd seen you."

"I don't . . . know."

"No. I shouldn't think so. My Connie hanging about outside public houses. Ain't she ashamed? Going out when she knew she wasn't to. Getting soaking wet. Leaving the dinner things. Look!" She shot a finger toward the head of the sofa. The child's eyes followed the finger. She put an arm across her face and cowered and gibbered. "Come right here. Closer."

She crept over the wet clothes piled about her feet until she was touching Mrs. Greenspan's dress. Mrs. Green-

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span snapped the last piece of cake, took one of her arms, drew her still closer and stroked her damp curls and smiled. "E-eh, sweetheart . . . you run away and leave your work and get wet, and if you get a cold it's me that has to look after you. E-eh? So you mustn't get a cold." Her eyes glittered. A spot of color appeared on her full pasty cheeks. "Little Connies must be taught obedience. E-eh. . . ."

The voice broke huskily. With one hand on the child's arm, she stretched the other with a slow, shivering movement, as though even her hand was grinning, to the thing on the head of the sofa. The smile faded from her lips and the light from her eyes. She was not now an unsightly old woman; she was something more awful; something that was neither passion nor peace nor decay. With shaking hands she seized the child.

At six o'clock Connie was dressed in an old jacket of Mrs. Greenspan's, the lamp was lighted, and Mrs. Greenspan was again her bright and chatty self. She was stroking Connie. "Eh, you won't run away from your auntie no more, will you? Eh? You won't go standing outside public houses no more, will you? It gets Auntie into trouble. And somebody might run off with Auntie's pet, and Auntie wouldn't know what to do without her Connie. Now stop crying, duckie, and let's see what we got in the cupboard."

She rustled briskly to the cupboard — Connie and cupboard were the twin flames that burned her up — and routed in it, and the child sat bowed over the table, silent, with icy cheeks and frozen eyes. It seemed to her that her whole life was spent in preparing food, washing up, and in these black ceremonies. Many shapes of misery had darkened that loft; often it had rustled with pleadings and antic shames. Often it had seen the thin dark woman looming over the baby face, the deep plaintive eyes, the sensitive brow and the soft quivering mouth. And it would see it still. Always life would be like this; no hope of change, no chance of escape. Each of these half hours stretched itself into an unending chain of half hours; future misery pressing upon present pain; and always to the pain was added the horror of the rancid kisses that followed. It would never end. Always she would be, like this, a cowed animal, responding to all commands with the dazed alacrity of the recruit, and submitting without question.

It was not by physical force that this woman held her; she was big enough and sturdy enough to have made a tussle and to have got the woman down, and old enough to run away or make proper complaint. But she could not run away. The woman held her by some unnamable bond; by the power of evil mind over innocence. She could no more have challenged her authority, or disobeyed her on these occasions, than the soldier could kick his colonel. There was some spell in this woman's dark eyes and character that held her fascinated and dumb, so that she had ceased to wonder why she was in her power or why she submitted. Standing before her, at orders, and fastened by those smoky eyes, she would stare and stare until her eyes hurt, and the big face would fade into a luminous fog in which hung a disembodied smile that emitted caressing words and peremptory commands. She had always obeyed her, always accepted her tyranny, and always would. She could easily have hit her, easily have refused to come when called. But her hands wouldn't move and her legs wouldn't move. Once, a year ago, she had

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planned to rebel, and had planned just where she would grip her aunt's throat and at what moment. But when the moment came, though she raised her hands, she could not use them on that smile; and at the thought that she might have done that thing, and smashed her small hand into the centre of that face or against the thin neck, she knew fear far beyond her present fear. It was not the thought of any penalty her aunt might have inflicted; it was the conception itself; a conception as terrible as the Papuan's conception of breaking tabu or seeing the unseeable part of the temple god. She could not do it. And now she was quiescent, pliant to her aunt's malice; and submission was part of her.

While Mrs. Greenspan brought out boiled bacon and bread and margarine and pickles and the tea caddy and the tea pot and the cake, she sat immovable. The ragged green frock and the rest of her clothes were lying in the fender to dry, and her aunt tended them, and patted her head in passing from cupboard to table, and buzzed "The Church's one foundation" through her teeth. But she sat immovable, with arms on the table and short red curls drooping onto the old beaded jacket. People about the district who knew Mrs. Greenspan's niece knew her only by the green frock, for her head suffered periodical changes which were ruled by Mrs. Greenspan's earnings and Mrs. Greenspan's appetite. Sometimes, when Mrs. Greenspan was doing well, she had long curls to her waist. When Mrs. Greenspan was doing middling, she had curls only to her neck. When Mrs. Greenspan was doing badly, she appeared with a schoolboy crop. Curls of good quality and of the right Titian red were a commodity, translatable into terms of pork pies and sausage rolls; and as Connie's hair grew quickly her head was a source of table provender. The longer the curls the better price they fetched; but when things were bad Mrs. Greenspan could not wait for full growth, and clutched at the immediate promise of a pork pie. Every shearing represented a meal; a late shearing was a feast. Connie was thus in two ways an asset to her auntie.

The table was now covered. Auntie said that the things they had used for dinner would "do", and then Connie could have one wash up altogether. But she was not listening. She was thinking of "The Sun in Splendour" and of the happy people who lived there and made music; of the happy boy who lived there and had a nice father and mother who let him play the violin. The thought of "The Sun in Splendour" was the one grace of her life. On Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays her one thought was how to get out of the loft and into Islington High Street. Once there, she seemed to find some stimulant of power and beauty that carried her over the other days: and at nights when she crept into bed, not caring whether she woke again or not, there was the grain of consolation that "The Sun in Splendour" was there, and would be there, with its soft music. There, away from her aunt, and warmed by the music, she could pass into another world, and pour out her sorrows to fanciful companions. It was her secret lamp. And now her aunt knew about it. At that thought she turned sick. Life without those few hours was unfaceable. She broke into sudden howls.

Mrs. Greenspan came to her, too soft, too sympathetic. "Oh, come-come-come-come-come-come. Tzeeeee! Here we are with some nice bacon and some nice pickles and some nice cake and some nice tea and some lovely jam — and you howling. Oh, look, lovey.

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Look, my lamb, at the nice bacon. What more could the heart of man pant for? Almost makes you want to say grace. Gentlefolks couldn't want more. Why, if you was to offer me a new dress for that bit of bacon, I don't think I'd take it. That I don't. . . . Well, the Lord looks after his own, bless him. That's a fact. 'Myerce, he does. . . . But you got to deserve it, my pet. If them ladies knew I let you hang about outside public houses, I might never a-got that bit of bacon. You got to be careful, my sweet. That's what I'm trying to learn you. If you offend people, you get hurt some way or another. Once bit, twice fly, my own. Never offend people. Find out what they like, and stroke 'em that way up. That's the way you get bacon and things. Life's hard, my duck. 'Myerce. But you can make it soft by being soft yesself. You got to bear it, and grin, and then the Lord'll send you groceries and coal and things. Bless his heart, he is good to his flock. But whom he loveth, he chasteneth. That's what I'm learning you." The drone ceased and the voice galloped. "Now stop that noise. Stop-it. Stop-it. Else . . ."

She stood over her. With a strain on the throat, Connie stopped it.

"Now get your auntie a chair." The chair was brought, and they sat down. Mrs. Greenspan took knife and fork, and cut ten slices of the bacon. She gave two to Connie and took eight herself. She reached for the bread and for the pickles, and took large helpings. "Mustard. No mustard. Tzeeee! Bacon without mustard's like a den of thieves. Still, there's pickles."

With knife and fork she went at her plateful. To say that she ate it, is a statement only: she went at it. It was not food; it was one of the objects of her passion. Connie fiddled with a piece of bread. Mrs. Greenspan battled and talked.

"Me trying to bring you up like a lady, and you sit there and . . . You don't like your auntie, do you? Eh? But later on you'll thank me. You'll . . . if you ain't going to eat that bacon, no good looking at it. Give it to me. Ought to have your nose rubbed in it — only it'd be sinful waste. Misery! All the nice things I get for you . . . You're the serpent's tooth in the lion's paw, you are, my lamb. One of these days, you'll make me angry, and — Come and sit here."

She pulled the child toward her and took her on her lap. "Now, duckie, eat a piece of this nice cake, and don't look so like a dying duckie." She took up a slice of the cake and fed her. "Ah — there! That's my pet. That's my lamb. What's that text say?" She pointed to the wall where a scroll of green lettering broke from a festoon of crimson geraniums on a black ground. "Feed my Lambs. Can't say you're not fed, can you? Can you? Eh?" She prompted her with a ventriloquist's dig at the dummy.

"No."

"Ah. None of the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table for you. Everything of the best. Just like gentry. Haven't got much money, but we get our money's worth — eh? Your auntie sees to that, my love." She gave a wink that sent the whole of her face into an arabesque. "Yes, duckling, your auntie knows. They laugh at your auntie, but — tzeeee! — let 'em laugh. As your poor dear uncle that you never knew used to say — 'They that rail and scoff in the market-place are yet glad enough to come to Jack Greenspan for a shade over the odds.' Oh, he was a clever one, he was. They couldn't come their Camden Town tricks over him. Got there

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before the prizes were given out, he did. Always. Want to see you a clever one, too, my precious. But you're slow. Half asleep except when I wake you up. Want a pinch of salt on your tail, you do."

With hateful humor the grinning tones flowed on. Through them came great shudders against the loft as the wind swept down the mews and shouldered the door, and little whisperings and patters as it cut through the steps. Outside was London: miles of spangled streets and movement and lakes of light and lanes of warm windows and multitudes of men and women wrestling with life in fret and wonder; and its beat came up to the loft with the sound of distant drums. Inside, were two souls locked in the eternal battle of darkness against light; one questing, without knowledge, toward the unattainable beauty that flashes promise from its wings and no more; the other bound by the corrupt shapes that walk in the mask of joy.

There was no wickedness in Mrs. Greenspan. She did nothing wrong, nothing chargeable by man upon man. But from her came an exhalation of evil that finds no expression in word or deed, yet is darker and deeper than any crime or sin. She had got this child's body, and could compel her to her will; but she knew that Connie was far away from her, that there was something she could not reach; the secret lamp. And she wanted to reach it, and break it.

"Ain't it nice to be at home a night like this, love? As poor Mr. Greenspan used to say — 'Be it ever so humble, the bailiff will . . .' Sh!"

Feet were heard on the steps; then a rattle at the door. She bundled Connie from her lap, went to the door, unlocked and opened it, and said, "Oh. . . . You?"

A young man entered, a light neat slim young man, with thick black curls and fine features. He wore a suit of blue serge, brown boots, and a soft red scarf that went round his neck and was knotted into his waistcoat. He did not walk into the room; he seemed to swim into it, so light were his movements. He carried his arms and hands loosely. Restless eyes looked round the loft, at the table, at the fireplace, at Connie. For an instant a mild disgust flickered on his face.

Mrs. Greenspan said, "Well?"

"Oh, just round this way. Thought I'd look you up."

"Oh. Thought it was one of the old things from the church. Have a bit of bacon?"

"No thanks. I'll have a smoke." She looked relieved. He stood upright; fished a cigarette from his pocket, and lit it with a match scraped on his boot. "What's the matter with the kid?"

"Oh, been naughty. Been out and got wet. I been learning her."

He grunted. "God help any kid you get hold of. You always was a vixen. If I'd been yer sister I'd a-looked a long way round 'fore I let you have Connie."

"You're a nice one to talk, you are. Be not deceived, Artie. There's trouble waiting for you. Them that go on the ungodly path . . . She's better off with me than she would be with a couple of . . ."

"Stop it!"

"Well, I'm bringing her up strict" — she sniggered — "learning her to be honest and truthful and obedient. God knows where she'd end if she got into your home. Train a child up — You and your dad would a-trained her down. Far be it from me to . . . But thank the Lord she's escaped what your lot would a-taught her. For the child is the man and a child that grows up in a . . . You and your dad . . ."

"You mind your own business."

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"And you mind yours." Then, amiably, "How are they at home?"

"Oh, all right."

"I must come over and see 'em one of these days. But oh, Artie, ain't you never going to mend your ways? Them nice clothes you got on — all the fruits of wrongdoing."

"And how else would I a-got 'em? If you're so partic'lar, you find me a good steady job at a good wage. And I'll jump for it. I tell yeh. I ain't going to starve. This country owes me something, and it's gotter pay. See?"

"Oh, Artie! But there's the devil in it. Look at your Uncle Jack. He did well enough, and run straight, too."

"Ah, but you want capital to start that game. *And* experience. I don't know the game. You leave me alone, and shut preaching. I know what I want, and I know my way about, and how to get it. If I could get it some other way, I would."

"Oh, dear. It's terrible. Terrible." The voice intoned; then became sociable. "Had any good jobs lately?"

"What you want to know for? I don't talk business except wi' business people. But I ain't grumbling. You can make what you like o' that."

"Then you *have!* What was it this time? Motors?"

"Shut up." He looked down at Connie, and grinned; a wholesome matey grin. She grinned back. She liked this Artie. There was something about him . . . something easy and careless and quiet and kind and . . . "What was you doing out in all that rain?"

She made no answer. Her aunt took it up.

"Standing outside a public house, if you please."

"A pub? Where?"

"That one in the High Street. At the end."

"Oh, I know. 'The Sun in Splendour'. . . . But what was you doing there, kid?"

"I was — I was listening. Listening to music."

"Listening to — Oh, yes. I got yeh. I know old Scollard. Been in there once or twice. Goes in for music a lot, I fancy. You like listening to music?"

She nodded.

"One o' these days, yer aunt must bring you over to us. Then I'll knock the piano about for yeh."

Mrs. Greenspan leered. "Piano? Piano me shoulder blade!"

"Why not?"

"You. . . . How you can sit down and play them nice pieces on top o' the things you do, I don't know. *You* play the piano!"

"Well . . . must pass the time somehow. Liven things up with a bit o' ragtime."

"You always was a rum 'un."

"Me? And what about you?" The restless eyes flashed from her to Connie.

"You leave me alone and I'll leave you alone."

"Right. That's a bet." He threw the end of his cigarette away and took another, lighting it in the same way. "But why can't you let the kid listen to music if she wants to? I know old Scollard. Queer card. Bit loopy, I think. Always talking about music 'stead of attending to the business. S'pose I take her round myself one night when they're having music, and bring her back. How's that?"

"Into a public house? You'll do no such thing, my boy. I'll watch that."

He blew a puff of smoke at his aunt. "Reely? All right." But behind her back, he flicked an eye at Connie, as though making her a conspirator in some plot. He had no plot, but he lived by plots and impromptu in-

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trigues; and he didn't like his aunt. He put it at the back of his mind until business was slack. He took his cap from the table. "Well . . . be moving on." He slid to the door.

"I suppose, Artie — "

"What?"

"You never thought to bring your aunt a little present. Things is terrible bad just now. Work falling off, 'neverything."

He leaned against the open door, and grinned. "The fruits of wrongdoing, old girl? You do surprise me." He became serious. "Next money I ever give you will be to buy the kid proper clothes. See? I know where your money goes. There!" He pointed to the table. "You won't get none from me fer that. So don't think it."

Mrs. Greenspan's eyes went smoky. "Don't you talk to me like that, boy. I know too much about you. You be respectful. Else — "

"Else what?"

She stood erect, dominant and fierce. Then, remembering that she was not dealing with Connie, she deflected.

"Now come on, Artie. Things reely is bad. I know you can spare it. Wicked as you are, and ill gotten as your — If I had enough work I'd die rather than touch yer money. But loaves and fishes don't grow, and — "

"Oh, cut it out. So long! So long, kid!"

He was gone, and so lightly that his feet made no sound on the steps.

(To be continued)

CORPSE

By Louis Kronenberger

MOVEMENT and warmth have trod an end,
Chill flesh alone preserves its mold;
The supine body cannot bend,
The straight arms cannot fold.

But this is not finality:
Times carves as clean as blood or breath;
These hands and shoulders will not be
Immutable in death.

The eyes have been deprived of light;
— Theirs the eventual fate of stone.
The eyelids and the lips are tight;
— They loosen, leaving bone.

This man like transient marble lies
For Time and Nature to adjust:
Like marble that the darkness dries
And fractures into dust.

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CONTEMPORARY SOUTHERN POETRY

I: THE AUDIENCE

By DuBose Heyward

IN discussing contemporary regional art, we are confronted by the task of fixing boundaries. This is comparatively simple in New England, which has developed steadily within its recognized geographical lines, and has advanced without interruption out of its traditional past. But in the west, and more especially the south, definitions become more difficult. For artistically the south of today cannot be limited to the former Confederate States of America, the last definite fixation of the sectional boundary.

"Southern", in the current interpretation of the term, means a certain state of mind, an attitude toward life which is the rule, not only in the former Confederacy, but in the border states of Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky, to a slightly less degree perhaps Arkansas and Oklahoma, and, because of its old Spanish flavor, evenNew Mexico. Running the line for the purposes of this article, we would commence in the east at Baltimore with Lizette Woodworth Reese, pass far enough north to touch Cale Young Rice at Louisville, then tie the western corner with the colony at Santa Fe.

In the wide area lying to the south of this imaginary line, there is at the present time under way a well defined and regionally self conscious revival in the arts, especially that of poetry. The movement is significant for the large number of writers who are producing technically good and emotionally sincere work. The new order cannot yet show a Poe, probably not a Lanier, but it has several poets who have done better work than Timrod and Hayne, and a number of distinct promise. It is still young. It is endowed with enthusiasm, vigor, and sincerity; and, at the present time, it is producing more poetry of a high level than has appeared at any similar period in the literary history of the section.

That the southern poetry movement is, as John McClure has suggested, merely an outgrowth of the renewed national activity, which with the characteristic leisureliness of the region has arrived five years late, is not likely. The causes which produced the long postwar (Civil) silence, and then precipitated the awakening, are too evident and convincing.

Those who can still remember Sherman's march, and the period of the reconstruction, know well why the arts languished. Life was a heart breaking struggle for the necessities of its perpetuation. Energy was at a low ebb, and was entirely consumed by the battle for existence. Art is dependent for its creation upon the excess emotional energy of a people. The south had no excess energy to expend. Shortly after the close of the Civil War Henry Timrod, dying of privation and resulting tuberculosis, wrote to Hayne: "I can embody it all in a few words — beggary, starvation, death, bitter grief, utter want of hope."

That was literally the despairing

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valedictory of the southern singers of the generation.

Now, however, the new south is coming into its own. The Piedmont district of the Carolinas is in the throes of a tremendous industrial expansion. The advantages that it offers to cotton spinning alone are rapidly forcing the New England manufacturers to go south, or shut down. The ports are bustling. The obvious agricultural opportunities are being realized. Economic success is commencing to bring leisure, and a release of energy for artistic production. The field that has lain fallow for a generation is beginning to flower.

But the permanence and importance of an artistic renaissance depend as much upon a sympathetic public as they do upon the artist. The lack of popular appreciation, the outlawing of a poet as a worthless and unproductive citizen, still prevalent in vast areas of the United States, make an inimical atmosphere which reacts upon the soul of the creative worker and destroys his product at its source. An occasional voice, driven by an overmastering impulse, will arise. But the dictum of the crowd is overwhelming, and silence will be the rule.

Now, the hope of southern poetry lies not only in the men and women of the younger generation who are making it their vocation, but in the degree of appreciation and encouragement which they will receive from the region for which they speak. And because there actually exists a sympathetic audience in the south, there is justification for a belief in the significance of the contemporary movement.

In spite of its lynchings, its paternity of the Klan, its evolution trials, and its legislatures that naively exclude chewing tobacco from taxation, the south is, artistically, probably the most civilized section of America; and for the reason that it has a large, if reticent, aristocracy which possesses a congenital feeling for beauty and a tolerant attitude toward the artist.

Let us pause for a moment, and see whence comes the appreciation of art in America: unfortunately not from many of the colleges. Practically all of the Rhodes scholars prove that. Lifted from among their fellows and dropped for several years into an English educational system, they return, only too often to be the misunderstood jests of their old schoolmates who have been learning the "success game" in some American university. They have acquired "tastes" that are "amusing, but unimportant". These "tastes", however ineffectual they may be as lethal weapons to be used in the accumulation of wealth, are very important to an atmosphere that would produce art. They are neither an accident, nor an affectation. They grow directly out of a background of European culture.

In America, the vestiges of our earlier European culture are today the soil from which springs our ability to *appreciate*, if not necessarily to *create*, even essentially American art. The wealth of the south in these European vestiges, one must travel to realize fully. The journey should be a leisurely one. It should include old Charleston, with its untouched Georgian residences, its walled gardens, its beauties of architecture in church spire and columned piazza; its marble and wrought iron. The French quarter of New Orleans should be visited, and the traveler should have time to spend upon a balcony over a narrow street, studying the life about and below him. He should walk at dusk down a byway in Santa Fe, and step thence into the last century, with

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crumbling adobe walls, immeasurably old, surrounding him, and the bent mantilla-hooded figures of old women slipping silently past in the gloom.

During the destructive Eighties, when wealth expressed itself through the medium of very red brick, stained glass, and the jigsaw, the south continued, for the most part, to live in its Colonial residences. Whether this was the result of dire poverty, or inherent good taste, is now entirely unimportant: let us accept it, and thank a beneficent Providence. The important thing is that now, in most of the older communities, there is an intelligent and vocal minority that does not consider Colonial architecture evidence of a retarded civilization to be razed and supplanted by the skyscraper. It realizes that by holding an older beauty before the eye, it is preserving sources from which springs the ability to appreciate all true beauty.

Behind the garden walls and the shuttered windows, in many homes, for a generation the classics have been read, and Sullys and Romneys have been lived with, known, and valued with an almost passionate appreciation. The result has been an æsthetic education, a little old fashioned perhaps but certainly more genuine than that furnished in most of the expensive finishing schools.

This background produces the audience which is listening to the southern poet of today. It is a larger audience than a casual observer would guess; nor is it to be tricked by the false and insincere. For the most part it is without means to patronize art, but it has something infinitely more important to give it: sympathetic understanding. True, through its detachment, it is often uninformed as to poetry's modern aspects. It is conservative through a long intimacy with the classics. But, in the final analysis, its taste is sound, and, given the new symbols, it will recognize and acclaim the authentic.

This unknown audience, which became evident about five years ago, accounts for the surprising spread of the Poetry Society movement throughout the south. Here is a demonstration that cannot be ignored. The first of these societies, started in Charleston, was considered by many an insane but harmless experiment. Today they flourish in most of the southern states and, through their many prize contests, publications, and other activities, extend their sphere of influence beyond mere regional lines. The poetry societies are significant as proof of the existence in the south of that enlightened minority that must always be the patron of art. They now have memberships aggregating several thousand; and the fact that their purpose is the *development and appreciation* of the art of poetry, rather than the banding together of writers for their own advancement as is the case with the usual poetry society, is illuminating. It is the first manifestation of its kind on a wide scale in the history of the country; and the moral backing that it furnishes the young poet, whose way is hard enough in any event, is the most heartening sign that has been given to him in many a year.

Although hampered by the lack of a commercial publishing centre in their own region, those interested in literature have not been idle; a number of poetry magazines have come into being, subsidized by various groups. The oldest of these, "The Lyric", published at Norfolk, has been in existence for five years, and has presented the work of many poets of importance both in America and England. "The Fugitive", which exhibits a more sophisti-

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cated type of poetry, speaks for a significant group of Tennesseeans in Nashville, and has introduced several writers whose work is already receiving wide recognition. The most ambitious venture of this nature appears monthly under the name of "The Buccaneer", backed by an enthusiastic group in Dallas, Texas. "The Buccaneer" has voiced its determination to become successful not only artistically but commercially. That is indeed an exhibition of faith in the culture of its region. In addition to these, there are several new poetry magazines that have sprung into being within the past several months, but they have still to prove their permanence and artistic value.

A further evidence of the acceleration in literary interest is to be found in the excellent quarterlies now published under the patronage of the universities. "The Southwest Review" of Texas, "Sewanee Review" of Tennessee, "Virginia Quarterly Review", "Durham Quarterly" of North Carolina, and "The Reviewer", formerly of Richmond but under the wing of an able group at the University of North Carolina, all give generous space to poetry when the quality measures up to the high standards that they maintain.

And so, the new south is ready for its singers. It is prepared to listen and, for the most part, it will know the false from the true. In spite of economic development, it will in all probability continue to take the leisure that has characterized its mode of life in the past — a leisure that is a prerequisite both for the making and the enjoyment of art.

THE RONDEAU

By George Meason Whicher

A TRIFLING rhyme: you do not share
The garb which proper Lyrics wear,
Not yours the Ode's embroidered net,
The stately Sonnet's minuet,
The Ballad's antique-maiden air.

But be you blithe and debonair
Whether the critics smile, or stare
And call you light, a vain coquette,
A trifling rhyme.

What of their scorn! You need not care.
Was ever maid by all deemed fair?
Why should their coldness cause regret?
Some eyes can see and not forget;
Some hearts full deeply graven bear
A trifling rhyme.

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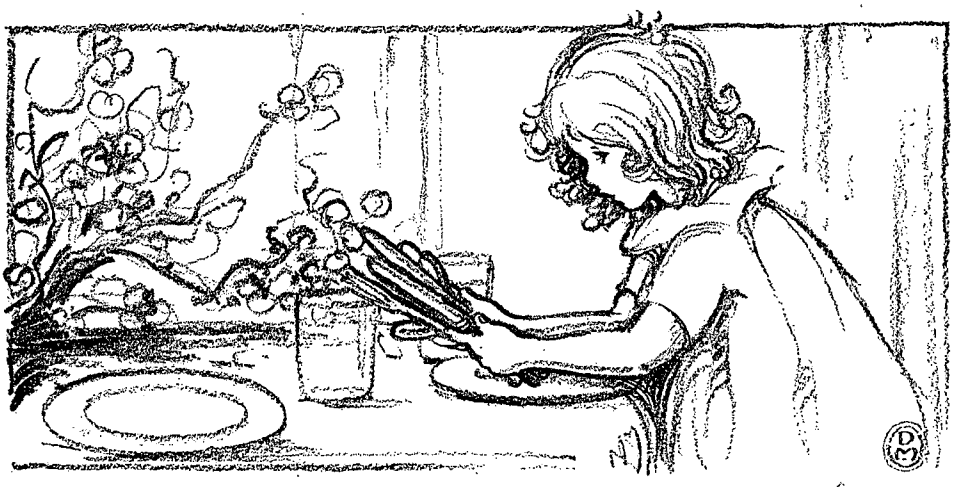

WHOSOEVER WILL

By Genevieve Taggard

With Sketches by Dorothy Morgan

"IN conclusion" (Brother McCelvy seemed glad to be saying "In conclusion"), "we will all join in singing hymn number three hundred sixty nine, three hundred sixty nine."

For weeks no one had joined the church. Everybody felt that it was up to Brother McCelvy to preach a little harder. On this Sunday he had preached as hard as a man can who wades against the warm delicious tide of a Hawaiian noon, while the obligato voice of a drowsy bee in the honeysuckle vine behind the baptistry contradicted him word for word, with velvety serenity. Brother McCelvy felt that he had contended against a wanton bee and lost. He gave out the invitation hymn "Whosoever will may come", and sat down heavily, holding his forehead.

Little Mrs. Rush at the squeaky organ played the opening bars, hung on the key note a minute, and then decided to open the stops that put the quaver in the music. From her place in the choir she saw nothing to indicate a nervous convert, but she put the quaver in out of pure faith, and pumped and panted for the chorus:

> Whosoever will
> Whosoever will,
> Send the proclamation
> Over vale and hill . . .

They all sang, standing, but no one gulped or pulled a dress straight.

> See the Loving Father
> Calls the wanderer home;
> Whosoever will
> May come.

As if "whosoever" meant herself,

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someone was going up. Everybody saw covertly at once — well, well, that little Jean Thomas — marching up with a fixed and wooden expression. Brother McCelvy came down off the pulpit platform to take her hand. Whosoever will.

They sang it over again, ending with a long "come", and Jean sat down and knew that her curls were being squashed against the wood. She couldn't pull them out up there before the whole congregation. The pulpit looked so near and the cascade of flowers across the front smelled stronger. Going up the aisle, the first moment or two had been horrible . . . the carpet kept rising and sinking just where she was going to step . . . But now it was beautiful; it was quite perfect now; her favorite dress frilled out at her waist and the flowers on the pulpit were nicer than last Sunday's flowers. Everything was perfect but the silly hymn.

Behind her the congregation was raising the second chorus, and again the words worked miracles. With a start Jean saw that she was not alone. Someone else cast a shadow on the pale green carpet. She bent her head lower and put the points of her slippers together. How horrible! Someone else had joined the church.

Her heart was pounding now and her teeth chattering. How she wished she hadn't come. She had not even told Father or Mother, and now she did not know whether they were glad or angry. She had decided to join all by herself, had chosen a certain dress and a certain Sunday, and walked up, longing to astonish them all.

But now, she wished that she were back beside the window with the boginvilla vine, where she always looked out at the worldly people going by on their way to the beach for a swim. The worldly people always enraged her as they went by; they seemed so indifferent to her when they happened to look up at the window. No one ever said, "Why, see that lovely little girl, with the long curls, all in white, sitting in church, and listening . . ." They never paid the least attention.

How the organ wailed! The church people were singing the third chorus; and just at the very end a slim, straight shadow came across the stained glass window and someone else stood facing Brother McCelvy. Three of them! Brother McCelvy was safe for another month. But who notices a little girl from Sunday School, when two big men have come up to join? Brother McCelvy was safe. Jean was lost and ruined.

The music stopped and the rows of people behind sat down, with a starched linen rustle. Fat Mrs. Gulick over at one side had stopped fanning, and the McCandless baby was carried out, lest it cry. Brother McCelvy came to her first. She took his hand, and her heart went out like a lamp wick swamped by a breeze. She must stand up. But first he bent over and whispered did she really mean it, and what was her middle name?

Then he said:

"Jean Susan Thomas, do you confess Christ, the only Son of the Living God, and your Savior?"

It was over, and no mistakes. She had said "I do", and now she was sitting down again feeling different. She had had to say two more "I do's" but now it was over and she would not have to get up again. As far as God was concerned, she was as important as Mother, Father, and the whole lot of them.

As important, even, as the person next her, who got up, clearing his throat. Now she knew why Mrs. Gulick stopped fanning, and every-

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"How horrible! Someone else had joined the church."

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body sat so still. It was Mr. Luttud. How they had prayed to get Mr. Luttud! When he came to church, Father called it a good crowd, and when he stayed away, Father said he couldn't understand how people could be so indifferent. Mr. Luttud owned the store that sold Luttud's bread and cake, and he had four delivery wagons going all over Honolulu. What a splotch he made against the green sunlight; he was fatter than Brother McCelvy, and looked like the worldly people who wore pongee suits and went swimming, Sunday morning.

The other man was just a private in the army, a boy in a khaki suit that had been washed too much, till it was tight all over, and short in the sleeve. He had three front teeth out, and he didn't speak good grammar, and when he said "I do" he almost said "sir".

Jean pretended not to think of these things, and held her head down and looked at the gooseflesh that had come on her arms from being so excited. How silly to be frightened. It was all over now and like getting out of the dentist chair. All over until tonight. The best part, the terrible part which she had described so often to her Congregational girl friends, would come tonight when she would be baptized in a long white dress, with flowers around her. Baptized, not sprinkled like a Congregationalist. *Put under.* Flowers in her hair, too, perhaps, although nobody had ever done that, and a lily in one hand like Elaine, and everybody looking . . .

Church was dismissed. The church members broke their even rows and came up. There was Mother, there was Father behind looking dazed and pleased, there was Mrs. Rush. They all kissed, except the men. But most of them kept an eye all the time on Brother Luttud and went over to him respectfully. He was acting meek. He pivoted in the midst of much handshaking, a little too jovial. The soldier boy stood over to one side, and no one talked to him for a while, until they realized . . .

II

Mother had taken the soldier boy home to dinner, and Jean was setting the table. Mother had cried in the bedroom at home and squeezed her hand; then she took off the ruffled dimity dress and carried it away into the kitchen to press it for evening. Jean wore a board-like piqué dress now, but still it was white. She was leagues away from her red and blue figured school dresses. Leagues.

It was a fleckless day. Forks and spoons and salt cellars and butter squares and salad plates; then dishes for the cake. Father and the new soldier boy tried to talk on the screen porch. Mother was beating up mashed potatoes. "Yes sir." Pause. "No sir." Cut the bread now, and don't forget the best napkins. Today when you've been confessing Christ you ought to set the table perfectly. For once.

All this table setting was just as slow, as low pitched as ever. Even after what happened at church. Jean wandered away from the table and fished up a book from behind a sofa cushion. But that gave her a guilty pang, and Mother came with the roast. Jean had forgotten to fill the water glasses and now she spilled a little at the soldier boy's place. It wasn't a fleckless day, no indeed. She put the salad plate over the bluish linen spot and got up his chair.

Afternoon went and she couldn't seem to stop her heart beating, while they rocked on the veranda in between the potted palms. She was terribly disappointed about something. It was

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getting dark. There was the sunset gun at the fort. At last she went to her room and sat on the bed. There was the bell of the Catholic church. The mina birds beside her window were cheeping and cuddling down to sleep. She would have to put on the pressed dress soon, and take a basket full of warm clothes and her cape and go with Mother, early, to get ready for baptism. And she was afraid.

Wasn't the soldier boy afraid? He made her shudder. They would be put in the same water — like a bath. Under the table at dinner she had knocked his foot once. That started her thinking about the awfulness of the baptistry. Now she shook and shook like the time she got chilled in bathing.

Mr. Luttud, too.

She went swimming with Kanakas often, she didn't mind Kanakas, or the ocean. She minded, of all the people in the world, only Mr. Luttud and the soldier boy. She lay down on the bed and drew up her legs in horror. So many cold, rasping, silly things had gone through her head since she made the good confession. . . .

Then like a dart of light, she knew what it was! After Jesus was baptized by John, He was led away into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil and — *this was her wilderness*. After beautiful things, come ugly ones. And it was the devil who put all the dulness and fear into her. It wasn't the way the world was going to be always, no, just for forty days, or a little while. The devil, the devil. The devil made her envious of Mr. Luttud, that he should take her Sunday, and keep people from thinking about what she had done. How interesting to have it the devil!

On the street car, going in, things like this kept coming into her head: Father only talked to the soldier boy because he had joined the church that day. Father really got terribly tired of soldier boys who weren't educated. The soldier's coming home with them had kept Father from putting his arm around her and kissing her. Now she could never join the church again, or know what Father would have done. For about three weeks she had been wondering what he would say, and now he was engaged in talking politely and looking past the new boy's felt hat.

And she knew, perhaps because the devil was helping her, that the soldier boy had joined the church only because he was lonely and wanted invitations to Sunday dinner.

The car window flattened her cheek — she stared out at the welter of the fagged and sweating Sunday crowd. Deep inside was the funny old pain — a pain like the sound of *f* and *g* struck together on the piano. Always there was a flaw and a mistake and a strange half beautiful, half ugly feeling inside, not like music, not like beating music, but the teasing, weary *fg, fg, fg*. Even today, when she thought she would scare off that sound by confessing Jesus, and feeling the holiness of shining white happiness, it came back, more now than ever. What was it? Orange peel in gutters, greasy people, with faces like buffaloes and dogs, the eternal nagging of all the little table settings and table clearings — it was the same, perhaps worse. The world likes to have you take it all, stand for little doses of ugliness, bite hard on the sore tooth, play chopsticks rattle-bang.

Yes, it was worse. There was no refuge in Jesus. Mr. Luttud and the soldier pressed hard in on her. And Mother, so matter-of-fact, sitting there, arms crossed over the warm underwear in the bamboo basket.

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III

So the four of them came to the empty church and found the pulpit uprooted and the baptistry open and gurgling with water. The Kincaid girls were heaping the place with white flowers, branches of magnolias, night blooming cereus, whole trees full of drowsy sensuous blossoms. They had no holy lilies to bring, but they brought little Jean and the soldier boy and Mr. Luttud masses and cataracts of tropical blooms, bold moonlike pallid things. Not like a church, like a book of love stories.

Mr. Luttud and Brother McCelvy came in from the Waikiki place still digesting their dinners, with their hats on a little crooked, looking like the week day version of themselves. Brother McCelvy carried some dusty rubber boots and oilcloth trousers out of his study.

"I want Brother Luttud to be first", he said quietly to Mother. "Tell the little girl that she is to be last. I'll come in and show her how to hold my arm. She musn't struggle or resist me."

Brother Luttud was jingling keys in his pockets, standing in the alcove. Mrs. Rush was over in the little choir consulting about hymns and trying to find the key that squeaked.

"You are to be last, so there's lots of time", whispered Mother bending over, breathless. Whispers everywhere and a squeaky organ; Mother breathed as if it were a funeral. Jean sat down and stopped unbuttoning her underwear. She wished she could get out of it, somehow. She looked at her bare feet and longed to be glorified. When she saw her own terribly familiar feet she felt like such a foolish little nobody.

Again Mother whispered while she shook out the baptismal gown, "You're last."

That brought all the terror and gloom of the day to one point. The vague uselessness of being baptized made terror and gloom, gloomier and more terrible. They were making her come last. She wanted to be first while the people were still blinking at the white flowers and the lights, before they had seen a soldier and a fat man go down sinful and come up pure. While they still believed. . . .The third time you don't believe. By the third time of anything, the glory has departed. If there is any glory at all, it is gone by the third time.

"Tell Brother McCelvy I must be first", she implored. "I came up first. I confessed first. I won't go in the water after them. I won't touch the water after them. I can't."

Cold and stubborn, not being vain and silly any longer, but crying one last cry, "Let it be beautiful, let it be the way you said it was." Her words chattered; she felt wrong inside. Mother said decisively —

"You must do as they think best, Jean. They know best. If you aren't old enough to do as they say, you aren't old enough to join the church."

Jean wrung her hands. "I can't help it. Mr. Luttud is greasy. I wish I hadn't joined the church."

"Hush", Mother said sternly, giving her a little shake. She went to find the minister.

"She wants to be baptized first, and it might be best", she heard her mother whisper anxiously outside the door.

"I want her last, Sister Thomas, for this reason", objected the minister. "It will make a big impression on the non-members. Tell her that. Tell her that's why we put her last, after the men. I won't go in, I guess. You can handle her. Just tell her that."

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"Jeanie dear," said her poor mother, "you must act like a little Christian in this matter. These men who are baptized with you are your brothers in Christ. You should not mind anything."

Jean sat in a daze. She was beginning not to mind. . . . If you can give up a pure white miracle you can give up everything.

"Perhaps this is the first test of your love of Christ, dear." Mother looked a little upset, herself.

They were doing Mr. Luttud.

Brother McCelvy's voice rang out: "In the name of the Father . . ." A rush of water and gasping, while the music mercifully played louder, on and on.

Three times the water sounded; then dripping, in the next room.

Jean listened. Mother whipped loose her shoe laces.

She didn't even hear the soldier. Just music played by Mrs. Rush, on and on like a burrowing hurt, going deeper and deeper into your mind. The first real thing was the leaden cold that came up to her waist, and the way the baptistry looked from the inside showing all the pipes and galvanized iron lining. Only a little ridge of flowers showing over the edge, and beyond the ridge, faces swimming in a sad mist.

Brother McCelvy wet her forehead with his handkerchief.

The water looked hard and drab.

Mrs. Rush blended from one hymn to another . . . then came the oblivion; the shock three times repeated; the watery miracle. She clung to the minister's arm and held up her blurred face in stiff despair. He took her tenderly up the damp steps to her mother.

Had it looked beautiful to the people who craned their necks to see? Was there a blissful change inside her body? It was too soon to tell. The buttons on her clothes had the same expressionless faces. Mother wrapped her up like a baby and fanned her flattened hair.

They went home, at last, carrying the bamboo basket.

The next day was Monday. After that, forever, came week days.

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LITERARY CENTENARIES OF 1926

By Paul Kaufman

DURING the decade which has just closed with the year 1925 we acquired the habit of "celebrating" literary centenaries with an enthusiasm which had never been possible before. And the reason was that never before did a period of ten years offer such an opportunity. The order of ceremonies opened with the event which commanded the widest homage, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death in 1916. Then followed in rapid succession the observances of these important dates:

The death of Keats, 1821; the death of Dante, 1321.

The death of Shelley, 1822.

The publication of twenty of Shakespeare's plays for the first time (in the so called First Folio), 1623.

The death of Byron, 1824.

The first printing of the Bible in English — William Tyndale's translation — 1525.

Obviously, no other years of a century can compete with such an array as this. No other centenaries can for a moment approach those which memorialize our supreme works, Shakespeare and the English Bible. And of course by virtue of the simultaneous emergence of three great poets and the proximity of their deaths in the early 1820's we have now for the first time added to the previous centenaries the first celebration of those of Keats, Shelley, and Byron. We may well catch our breath and pause for a moment's retrospect of a succession of anniversaries which have crowded into these few years, before we ask what 1926 can offer for a centennial program.

We shall hardly expect this year which now begins the second quarter of the century to maintain the pace of the closing years of the past decade. As one calls the roll of literary achievements down the line of the centuries, the '26's are conspicuous for the modesty of their claims upon our notice. Almost no great writers appear to have desired to be born or to die in this year, and they seem equally to have avoided it as a good date for the publication of any outstanding work. Yet 1926 will witness "celebrations" of no slight importance. Those that seem worthy of general recognition are these three:

The tercentenary of the death of Bacon in 1626.

The bicentenary of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels", 1726.

The centenary of Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans", 1826.

One death and two books, we may register to the credit of 1926, impartially distributed one to each of three centuries. Of these the Bacon anniversary doubtless assumes the largest importance, first of all because the human appeal in a man's life is always greater than that in the fruits of his life, and also because Bacon is vastly more important than Swift or James Fenimore. I hasten to say that I mean he is much greater even without that lunatic presumption of his fathering of Shakespeare's plays. We shall doubtless be subjected throughout the year to the renewed brayings of the

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so called Baconians, who unfortunately have never been able to read the lesson which Bottom embodies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Of late years they have been remarkably quiet; since the cost of publishing went up they have been unable to multiply words in print as they must do now at their own expense. But let us leave this distressing idiocy. Let us, at the same time, not be diverted by curiosity over this pitiful vagary from the real significance of the great Lord Chancellor.

Cold, calculating, repellent in his personality, Bacon, we must confess, seems rather remote from the present day reader. Yet his doggedly indomitable climb to the highest honors — strikingly similar to the spirit and methods shown by the self made successful men of our time — and then his tragic downfall make a thrilling and dramatic story.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,

wrote Pope, and this is one of the two most famous characterizations ever written of him. The other is the testimony of his mighty contemporary, Ben Jonson, which presents a more attractive quality: "The fear of every man that heard him speak was lest he should make an end."

Some of the compelling eloquence of his voice has endured in the fifty eight "Essays" for which he is now popularly remembered. Quite apart from their intrinsic force and heavily charged wisdom, they command our homage as the first essays in English. Covering the widest range of subjects from "Truth" and "Death" to "Travel" and "Gardens", they are distinguished mainly for their worldly wisdom; yet they by no means lack insight into the deeper wells of experience. They really attempt hardly less than the construction of a practical road map for man's wanderings in this life, and their author's humanness is revealed in his appealing declaration that their purpose was to "come home to men's business and bosoms".

Almost any one of the essays would insure immortality for their author. As a whole they constitute one of the great classics of English prose. Yet they are insignificant in comparison with that revolutionary achievement of his which relates him so intimately to our present civilization. It was Bacon who let in the cold, relentless light upon the futile speculations of mediæval scholasticism. By systematic rigorous analysis of the experimental approach to all facts, he became the father of the modern scientific method, not only in the physical world but in all fields of knowledge. At the age of thirty he wrote the famous and splendidly audacious words, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." But it was not mere existing information which he sought to master. Not since Aristotle probably had any man opened up the avenues to exact observation, examination, and interpretation of both the inner and outer worlds. The two works which describe his new approach are difficult for the modern reader. Of the more technical, the "Novum Organum", King James made the cheap jest that it was like the peace of God, passing all understanding, and only special students tackle it today. But the other, "The Advancement of Learning", if approached with a realization that it focuses the light of modern science, brings a genuine thrill even to us advanced and sophisticated citizens of the twentieth century.

It has been objected that Bacon was not a real experimenter himself, as was his contemporary Galileo, and that he

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did not actually enter into the new heritage of which he caught such a sweeping vision. Something of this the poet Cowley expressed later in the century when he wrote in his "Ode to the Royal Society":

Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
Did on the very border stand
Of the bles'd promised land;
And, from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and show'd us it.

Yet he sacrificed his life to his zeal for actual experiment: everyone knows the story of his going out to get snow to test its value in preserving chicken, and so catching the cold which caused his death. Such a breathless story as that told by Sinclair Lewis of Martin Arrowsmith's passionate plunge into the search for a fact hiding in a test tube, was made possible because Francis Bacon turned us away from futile speculation in a vacuum to the ideal of discovery of knowledge by exact inductive investigation.

Such are the barest facts which will command widespread notice in lectures and articles about Bacon in this his tercentenary year. Doubtless — inevitably, we should rather say — it will be his service as a herald of modern science, rather than his yeoman service to English prose, which will be emphasized in our day of religious devotion to science and all its works. Now if only the "Baconians" will have the condescension to keep their pullulations to themselves we shall have an excellent time this year in recalling the importance of this anniversary.

Of lesser note, though still of the well nigh universal interest surrounding tried and tested classics, are the centenaries of "Gulliver's Travels" and "The Last of the Mohicans". "My God! what a genius I was when I wrote that book!" exclaimed Swift. It happened that he was not speaking of "Gulliver", but the world has elected to apply his estimate to the most savage satire on humanity in our literature. Unlike many great books, it was immediately on publication acclaimed as a stunning success and headed the list of best sellers for the polite year of 1726. To the anonymous author John Gay, himself an accomplished satirist, whose "Beggar's Opera" has of late been so successfully revived, wrote as follows:

> About ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author, but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet council to the nursery.

As it turned out, this testimony to the book's overwhelming appeal to all classes and ages within a few days of its first appearance proved to be a prophecy of undimmed popularity for two centuries. And what other works in the whole world have so fascinated all readers from the cabinet council to the nursery? You can count them on the fingers of one hand: "Æsop's Fables", "Pilgrim's Progress", "Robinson Crusoe", "Alice in Wonderland", and "Treasure Island". (I am speaking of popularity *up to* the present age: the nursery has now substituted the radio bedtime story and the comic page for the old fashioned nourishment; and if cabinet members do read social satire it will be Butler's "Erewhon" or Anatole France's "Penguin Isle", the latter in particular being more brilliant even than "Gulliver".) The secret of "Gulliver's" wide appeal lies in its dual nature of straight narrative — unique

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in conception of novel intriguing situation — and of withering exposure of man's real nature. The story of Gulliver among the Lilliputians or the Brobdingnagians is quite sufficient as a tale of ingenious invention. Neither child nor adult can ask more from the narrative. And as an indictment of humanity's fondest illusions and deepest instincts, not to mention firmly established institutions and conventions — in the words of Hazlitt: "He [Swift] has torn the scales from off his moral vision; he has tried an experiment upon human life, and sifted its pretensions from the alloy of circumstance; he has measured it with a rule, has weighed it in a balance, and found it, for the most part, wanting and worthless." The feeling of the "tender minded" about the satire was voiced by Thackeray (though he can hardly be called "tender minded" himself) when he recoiled against such a monstrous libel as "horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous". So Bulwer-Lytton's indignation flamed against Swift:

Lo! that grim Merriment of Hatred, — born
Of him, — the Master-Mocker of Mankind,
Beside the grin of whose malignant spleen
Voltaire's gay sarcasm seems a smile serene.

We smile today at these Victorian shudders. Our Dreisers and Masterses and a score of others show us what we really are under the skin. And we refuse to be shocked. But, however successive generations react toward the misanthropy of this "gloomy Dean" of the early eighteenth century, his satire remains upon the high level of the universal. So until human nature changes, its value cannot decline.

The other book which we must notice brings us down into the last century and across the Atlantic to our own country. "The Last of the Mohicans" is almost a complete contrast to "Gulliver" in the rosy picture it presents of human virtues, although it is not comparable of course in importance. Probably the shrewdest characterization of Cooper in general comes from that far too much neglected reservoir of keen and witty criticism, Lowell's "Fable":

His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumpo, daubed over with red.

. . . . . .

And his other men-figures are clothes upon sticks,
The *dernière chemise* of a man in a fix.

. . . . . .

And the women he draws from one model don't vary,
All sappy as maples and flat as a prairie.

But Lowell gives Cooper his due credit:

He has drawn you one character, though, that is new,
One wildflower he's plucked that is wet with the dew
Of this fresh Western world . . .

This is Cooper's real importance. However artificial and sentimentalized his characters, however loose his plot and style, he blazed the trail of native American fiction with its inexhaustible possibilities. So his most universally popular novel deserves the honor of centennial recognition among those who would not lose sight of the landmarks of our literature. It is a pity, speaking of landmarks, that his house on the Post Road in Mamaroneck, New York, has been partially torn away to make room for a gas station. These are the places that we should preserve.

One other American centenary I ought to record. In 1726 appeared anonymously a polemic which reveals how seriously our Colonial fathers regarded a subject which still agitates us. It was entitled, "Hoop Petticoats Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Nature and the Law of God".

We may well wonder: will 1926 bring forth a book or a man that shall distinguish it in centuries to come?

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THE LONDONER

The Season and the Packers' Strike—Lady Rhondda and the Business Man—Nurses, and What They Read—"The Calendar of Modern Letters" and a New Tchekhov Play—Dr. George Saintsbury's Eightieth Birthday—The Bones

LONDON, *December* 1, 1925.

NOW that we are all beginning to think about books for the New Year, there is no harm in admitting that the season which is drawing to a close has been pretty good. There have been some good books, and they have sold moderately well. More, it would be impossible to get any publisher to admit. It is not in human nature to acclaim a publishing season as more than reasonably satisfactory, and so we must rest content with the admission. Unfortunately, as I write, there is a danger that the whole season will be brought to an untimely crisis by the strike of the packers. It may appear strange that a strike of packers should adversely affect the sale of books; but the publishers know that they will be severely hampered by the refusal of certain staffs to handle the books they publish. Without packing, these books cannot be sent or delivered to booksellers or to private customers. Therefore there is a danger that the Christmas sales will be curtailed and even stopped altogether. The situation is this. The men who pack newspapers receive as a minimum wage about four dollars a week more than the men who pack books. The men who pack books demand equal terms with the men who pack newspapers. The demand appears reasonable enough until one compares the two trades. Every person connected with an English newspaper will tell you that staff wages and payments for contributions are among the least remarkable expenses involved in running a large newspaper. Expenses are upon such a scale that a few pounds more or less for packers' wages are nothing. At the worst, given the appropriate circulation figures, any extra expense can always be unloaded upon the advertisers, but in the matter of packers this is not necessary. It is a mere detail. Now the publisher of books is in a very different position. He is faced by the cry that books are already too dear. He is faced by the increased prices of printing, binding, etc. He has to pay his own clerks more than double what he paid them before the war. The bookseller, who believes himself to be the only person in trade who has what are called "overhead" expenses, and who now consequently receives discounts which exceed the highest royalties paid to the most successful writers of the books he handles, has a more rapacious habit than ever. Authors are so much in demand that in order to keep those he has the publisher must cut his own expectations of profit as fine as possible. The public libraries are upon the warpath for reduced terms to themselves. And now the packers come and insist upon wages which are about fifty per cent more than is paid in this country to skilled civil engineers. No wonder the book publisher is in a state of anxiety. Publishing used at one time to be a very profitable business. It is so no longer. The publisher works upon a smaller

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margin of profit than any other trader that I know. When I hear of a publisher sinking some thousands of pounds in a new venture which, if he is fortunate, will begin to show profit in tens of pounds or perhaps in small hundreds within three or five or seven years, and when I hear a hundred pounds mentioned with pride as the profit of a successful publication, I instinctively shake my head. I shake it still more when I hear of the number of books which are having what is euphemistically called "the best kind of success" (which is a success to which sales make no contribution), or even no success at all. It may be thought — it will certainly be said — that my attitude is insufferably commercial; and I well remember that there was once a publisher who used to excuse to his staff the starvation wages for which they slaved upon the ground that they were concerned in the production of beautiful books and the spiritual bread of the nation. But all the same, publishing is a business like any other. Those who are in it are there for the purpose of making profits for themselves. If no profits result, what is to become of publishing? It will fall more and more into the hands of those huge concerns who manufacture books as they might manufacture shoddy. It will cease to be a business in which an intelligent man may take pride. With the packer exalted to the chief place in the staff, with the bookseller running the packer a close race for first place in importance, with prices higher still in manufacture, and lower still in sales, the publisher, it seems to me, will be in a sad pickle. Naturally, he will spin a yarn to the author, and since the author who at present makes money for publishers notoriously cares only for cash, he will spin the yarn in vain. The public cries for cheaper books, though it spends money upon every form of baser entertainment with fierce energy. I have never felt so sympathetic toward publishers in my life as I do at this moment. I see the English publishing trade as a disastrous business, ruined by the graspingness of all those who are least involved in the making of the books themselves, whether in respect of contents or presentation.

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Speaking of business reminds me that Lady Rhondda has just been addressing a gathering of Rotarians in Manchester in a very serious manner. She has been giving the Rotarians good advice. The daughter of a coal king, Lady Rhondda is herself a woman of business, and she sets business high. She also sets her own sex very high, and runs in the interest of women a weekly periodical which carries the title "Time and Tide". We can all remember what time and tide do. They wait for no —— Exactly. I will not say that "Time and Tide" is a very good weekly periodical, for that would not be a true thing to say; but it is Lady Rhondda's, for good or ill. And so Lady Rhondda has been talking to the Manchester Rotarians, and giving them good advice. And what do you suppose that Lady Rhondda has been telling the Manchester Rotarians? Why, just this:

> Speaking chiefly of people in groups and professions and of the "labels" which they all seemed to have attached to them, she said she was inclined to think that public opinion about them was made up as to three-quarters of prejudice, as to one quarter of sentiment, and almost entirely of ignorance.
>
> The most interesting of the labels was that attached to the ordinary business man. People had a tremendous respect for the doctor. Nobody thought he ought to be above being paid reasonably for his services, and even when he became a specialist no one accused him of profiteering. But it was different with the baker and the coal merchant. She did not know why, but the label attached to the ordinary business man

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at present — and it was daily growing worse before our eyes — was extraordinarily unfair.

She thought it was very largely the result of the attitude towards him of the ordinary writer. For some reason there was not much kinship between the business man and the writer, possibly because the one was articulate and the other inarticulate. It was the usual thing to gibe at the man in commerce and industry, and it was one of the most serious portents of the day that this should be so, because it was going to affect enormously the settlement of industrial questions in the country. It meant that there was a tendency among the ordinary public not to trust one section of the people.

After reading extracts from some recently expressed views of Mr. Bernard Shaw upon the business man, Lady Rhondda said that these were what the public were reading, and if they were allowed to go unanswered an enormous amount of harm would be done.

Now I hope I may be forgiven for saying that I never read such nonsense in my life. As the caterpillar observed when Alice said her recitation, "It's all wrong from beginning to end." In order to flatter the Manchester business men, Lady Rhondda threw away such grip upon reality as she may have, and talked pure balderdash. Whether it was that the society of business men made her do this, or whether it was that natural silliness which marks so many women of intellectual gifts, I cannot say; but it remains that the words attributed to Lady Rhondda show hardly any sense of the business man's complacency or of the way in which erroneous opinions influence the generality of mankind. The business man is in no danger of being underrated. Nor has the man of letters any chance of setting the business man in his right place in the world's eye. I was recently talking to a business man — a rather more than typically intelligent business man — and I spoke of the fact that I had been working very hard. My friend pricked up his ears. Involuntarily the arrogance of his heart rose to his lips. He said, "Work? You don't call writing *work*, do you?" This man probably cannot write a letter without agonies of repetition and erasure, yet he could not for a moment imagine that the writing of books was work. To him, money making, buying and selling, organization, the control of clerks, the general sense of busy-ness, was real work. Writing was just a way of wasting good time. Now the point of this speech of the business man's was to be found not only in his complacency (which all business men share). It was an indication from another angle of the fallacy of Lady Rhondda's notions. For the business man has long been contemptuous of the writer. His contempt has in England been one of the most notable comments upon the failure of education to educate the human mind to an appreciation of values. During the war the contempt that the business man poured upon the writers who were revealing truth about the war and its conduct was immeasurable. The self satisfied cry of the business men for a business man's government (I admit that the leader of the business men at that time is now in prison) was to be heard and read in every club and in every newspaper. And yet I have still to learn that the writers of England suffered "an enormous amount of harm" from the detractions of the business men; and nobody now believes that a government of business men would be much better than the collection of people whom we have at present in Parliament. The idea that Bernard Shaw's opinions influence business men, or the standing which business men have in the community, is ludicrous. The truth is that Lady Rhondda lives in a very small world where Mr. Shaw's opinion is seriously regarded. She has no power to go beyond that small

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section and discover that Mr. Shaw is like any other prophet. Moreover, all that one section of the community has to say about another is likely to affect the other section about as much as the weeping of flies. What will bring the business man down, if he is to be brought down at all, is not the opinion of writers but his own incapacity. If his business continues to be bad business, nothing can save him. But if it becomes good business, nothing can check his control of the cash. That is his power, and it will continue to give him power until the end of capitalist civilization.

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It may be discomfiting to writers to learn how ignorant the general public is of the labor which goes to the writing — as the late Sir Walter Besant said — of even a bad novel; it may be still more discomfiting to them to learn how little of that "reputation" which some of them covet so much goes beyond their immediate circle of literary acquaintances. But I feel that it is always interesting to learn truths, however unpalatable. I have lately been in a position to ascertain what nurses read, and the results are amusing. I found two nurses exceedingly bitter against Arnold Bennett, not on account of any of his novels, but because he had recently written upon the subject of religion. The first, a Salvation lassie, was angered, and desired nothing so much, she said, as to see Mr. Bennett face to face, in order that she might confront him with unanswerable facts as to her faith. The other, an atheist, blamed Mr. Bennett because her father, an aged and religious man, had read Mr. Bennett's article before breakfast and, in consequence of "this most serious emergency", had insisted upon having a double dose of prayers at the meal. I was asked by one nurse if Mr. Kipling was not the author of "Tom Sawyer", and when I doubted this I was told that of course he was the author of "Eve's Diary". Compton Mackenzie was known to all the nurses as the brother of Fay Compton, the actress. Mr. Walpole was the author of "The Dark Forest". "The Dark Forest" seemed to have run through the whole body of nurses. All thought it very good, but they had apparently not pursued their studies of Mr. Walpole. Mr. Hutchinson was assiduously read. Miss Dell was read with disquiet, and a sense that she did not know quite everything about human character. Mr. Zangwill had been heard of, I think chiefly as a news item. Certainly not as a novelist. On the whole, nurses do not seem to me to be a reading section of the community. Their attitude toward novels was one of incredulity. It was not that they thought them tedious, but that they took a distinctly moral line toward the characters. Regarding them as real, they judged them by far more stringent standards then those they would have applied to humans. This, I believe, is a general habit of the unsophisticated reader. What struck me most was the fact that the nurses could know the books of one writer, and could be absolutely ignorant of even the name of another writer ordinarily supposed to be of equal celebrity. Not one of them had ever read a book by Mr. Galsworthy, though they knew his name as that of one who wrote plays. Not one had ever read a word written by Brett Young or W. L. George. The names of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells, as far as I could tell, excited them equally. Mr. Shaw did not excite them. For him they had a vague respect. For Mr.

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Wells and Mr. Bennett they had admiration tempered by indignation. But I could hardly indicate by any means at all the number of writers, of well known writers, of whom they had never heard. I should have been among this number if a large advertisement of a book of mine had not entered the hospital after it was known to those in charge that I was upon my way thither. This fact it was that made the conversation "literary". Otherwise it would have been exclusively, as it was almost exclusively, concerned with the home lives of the nurses, cross word puzzles, and what had been read in the newspapers.

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I spoke some months ago of "The Calendar of Modern Letters", as a new periodical recently established in this country. This monthly has improved with age, and I think it is now really the most interesting thing of its kind. I see with regret a good deal of the apparently inevitable impertinence of youth — that indescribable condescension which educated young men in England bring to the consideration of work by those who are their superiors in the public estimation; but I am far from defending the rights of established authors. The more criticism they get, the better. And on the whole I think the criticism in "The Calendar" is good. It is only in its expression that it is haughty and adolescent. The rest of the paper has some good things every month. This month, for example, it has an article by E. M. Forster (Mr. Sassoon must really, however, send his friend a leaflet about the Society for Pure English), a story by Pirandello, an apocalyptic address by D. H. Lawrence, some extracts from a diary by Madame Dostoyevsky which is of the highest psychological interest, and an announcement which excites me beyond the ordinary. This announcement is nothing less than that of a new play by Tchekhov. True, the play is an early one, hitherto unknown, and possibly suppressed by the author, but even so a new play by Tchekhov deserves to be read. Those who are responsible for "The Calendar" are to be congratulated upon this acquisition. If we cannot have interesting new English plays, let us by all means see the early and neglected works of great dramatists of other countries. A propos. Emma Goldman has been telling members of the British Drama League how terrible are the productions of all foreign authors, but especially of Tchekhov, in this country. She has been to Russia, and knows how the plays are performed there. I have not been to Russia, and I have never seen a Russian production of a Tchekhov play, but I knew by instinct that the English productions were terrible. Even the latest performances of "The Cherry Orchard", which have been so successful, were incredibly false. There was not a single character who was given in a manner to excite conviction. The production was slow, the pronunciation of the Russian names was incorrect, etc. And in spite of everything the play was deeply interesting. This I regard as another indication that Tchekhov was among the greatest dramatists who ever lived. To be able to survive such misconceptions is indeed a triumph. All the same, I wonder that an attempt is not made to produce Tchekhov in England in a way such as every artist would feel to be appropriate. My own notion is that Mr. Granville-Barker is the man to give us a good Tchekhov production. I may be wrong, but I wish he would make the attempt. Surely, "The Madras House" shows the influence of

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Tchekhov? It is the only play which has captured my own feelings in a way to be compared with the effect created by "The Cherry Orchard". Mr. Granville-Barker is to revive "The Madras House" in a few weeks now (may I be there to see!). Why should he not follow this with a Tchekhov? He alone among producers would be able to realize that the speeches of the characters in a Tchekhov play are intended to be woven together into a general texture. In most cases, the characters are allowed to make their announcements as if they were testifying. They move about wrongly upon the stage, in accordance with an English convention. They are allowed to show so much reverence to classic work that the play moves at half speed. The effect is unnecessarily lugubrious. I do not know why it is that works which are said to be classics are taken slower than they should be. I noticed that the late London seasons of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were marred by this reverence. The pace of "The Yeomen of the Guard" was positively funereal. It made me fidget in my seat. I realize that slowness has been a defect of Mr. Granville-Barker's productions; but even slowness could be tolerated in a Tchekhov performance that was not deplorably stilted and falsified by fumbling sentimentality.

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The papers have been full in the last few weeks of congratulations to Dr. George Saintsbury upon the attainment of his eightieth birthday. I humbly support these congratulations. I have noted with pleasure how much Dr. Saintsbury's "stock" has risen in the last few years. It is an agreeable feature of English literary life that in due time recognition is paid to all the leading figures. Look at Mr. Shaw, for example — observe how this man, who was described in the height of the war fever as "dead", has risen again. Mr. Shaw himself, always aware of the winds of fame, said a year or so ago that men first became sages, and then saints, and that he had reached the point of becoming a sage. He underestimated his triumph. He has been canonized. Observe how the young English intellectuals, after sneering for years at the gifts of H. G. Wells, are all now wildly thanking God for his richness, his greatness, and so on. Time works slowly in the minds of the intellectuals, but at last they come to recognize those who are greater than themselves. And now the joy has come to Dr. Saintsbury. He is basking in the smiles of the intellectuals. I feel sure that Mr. Sassoon (the octogenarian's friend) is already gathering subscriptions for a testimonial to him. It used to be the fashion to laugh at Dr. Saintsbury's style, which is often sufficiently odd; now, due tribute is being given to his immense knowledge of books. Dr. Saintsbury has never seemed to myself to be a good critic; but I may have been wrong, I very often am. His best critical writings, in my opinion, are the introductions which he wrote to the Dent translated Balzac. These are good, and they are sound. For the rest, Dr. Saintsbury's great claim to the respect and admiration of mankind lies first in his palate, which enables him to appreciate wine; and second in his omnivorous reading. Probably no man living has read so many books as Dr. Saintsbury. I can recall a day when the late Andrew Lang replied to a critic who attacked the estimate formed by Dr. Saintsbury of some dead and doleful writer — I rather think it was Nicholas Rowe. Lang admitted that he knew nothing of Rowe. But, he said, if Dr. Saints-

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bury has not read every word the man ever wrote, I will undertake to read every word myself. That is what we all feel, I think. If Dr. Saintsbury has not read pretty nearly every English author and pretty nearly every French author who ever wrote, we should be so surprised that we should probably be willing to regard that author as not worth reading. For Dr. Saintsbury's books, as I have indicated, I do not feel warm attachment; but for his industry and his enthusiasm I feel the warmest admiration. For his courage, also; for I know of few men who, in writing a history of the French novel, would reveal such knowledge of Paul de Kock as Dr. Saintsbury did. Few men, also, who would have had the courage and the understanding to give Paul de Kock so much space. I think that, ideally, a good deal of Dr. Saintsbury's reading has been a waste of time, since he must have read so much rubbish; but out of that acquaintance with rubbish has come a knowledge and a patience which are admirable qualities in a literary historian. It is as a humane figure that Dr. Saintsbury now stands eminently before the world. I salute him with respect and admiration. May he be long with us, to read more rubbish! There is plenty of it about.

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One of the most interesting of the season's books has been "The London Perambulator", by James Bone, with illustrations by Muirhead Bone. Those who possess it will possess a treasure. Very few men can approach James Bone in the knowledge of London, or in the enthusiasm which has produced that knowledge. Very few men have his gift for expressing the knowledge he possesses. In fact I regard Bone as the ideal journalist. As everybody knows, he is the London correspondent of "The Manchester Guardian", and this fact will at once convey to Americans the degree of his quality. In America, I know, "The Manchester Guardian" is recognized for what it is, the English newspaper which stands apart from all others and has always done so. Most Mancunians, it seems to me, detest the "Guardian", and read it. Most of them hate its opinions, that is, and shake their fists over its politics. But they are proud of it, and they cannot keep away from it. The integrity of "The Manchester Guardian" is the pride not only of its native city, but of the whole of England. To write for "The Manchester Guardian", or to have written for it, is one of the proudest laurels that any journalist can wear. The men who have written for the "Guardian" must include a great number of the best writers in England. And of their number I should put James Bone very high indeed. He is a genuine writer. He is a first class journalist. And he is not easily to be surpassed as a "perambulator". I read a great deal nowadays about talented families — about the Sitwell family, and the Gibbs family, about the Farjeons, the Huxleys, and so on; but I do not really know of a family so full of talent as that of the Bones. That one surname should adorn the works of Muirhead, James, and David, is little short of marvelous. It is rarely that one sees all three men together, but I have done that; and the experience is one that I recall with the greatest of pleasure. If I remember rightly, the rarity of the occasion was mentioned to me, and even urged upon me, by the Bones. They said, I think: "You don't often get the chance of dining with us all at once!" True enough; but even to meet them one at a time is a delight.

SIMON PURE

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THREE ROUSING CHEERS!!!

The Parody Adventures of Our Youthful Heroes

V: THE ROLLO BOYS WITH SHERLOCK IN MAYFAIR

OR, KEEP IT UNDER YOUR GREEN HAT

By Corey Ford

With Sketches by Gluyas Williams

"MY dear Rollo Boys", said Sherlock Holmes, as he lounged over the test tubes in his long purple dressing gown, his pipe clamped between his teeth and the visor of his detective cap pulled down over his eyes, "I am seeking to ascertain the chemical elements of Purity." He held up two empty test tubes to the light, shook them, and poured the contents into a glass globe. "I should say they are about two parts of fiction to one of truth", he concluded slowly, examining the glass globe, which was empty, "and the rest merely impotence."

The three Rollo Boys were seated about the fire in their dressing gowns, the visors of their detective caps pulled down over their eyes, and their pipes clamped between their teeth. Silence fell over the little room, picking itself up again and rubbing its shins with an ill concealed oath as it limped through the door.

Outdoors the windows were being washed by an autumnal rain, named Tony.

"You may have wondered that I should have sent for you to come here", said Sherlock Holmes slowly, as he emptied the contents of the globe and stirred the remaining vacuum reflectively. "But perhaps you can tell me what is needed."

"I should say, well, about a pony of brandy", murmured Tom Rollo absently, with one eye on the contents of the globe.

"It is in connection with the strange mystery of the Mayfair Suicides", explained the detective, ignoring the fun loving Rollo's remark as he drained off the vacuum and threw it away, leaving only the hole in space where the vacuum had been. "You probably read in the 'Evening Standard' this morning that one 'Boy Fenwick' was found lying in the courtyard of the Hotel Vendôme, dead of a shattered reputation. He had fallen, it appears, from his bedroom window on the third floor. Iris March, his beautiful young wife, had been asleep, had suddenly awoken, if there *is* such a word, to a sharp feeling of solitude, had happened to look out at the dawn. . . ."

"What came next?" gasped Dick Rollo.

"*Four trailing dots!*" hissed Sherlock Holmes, and removed the hole, leaving only the space.

"The Sign of the Four!" cried Harry; and the three Rollo Boys stared at each other in horror. "But why—why—?"

Sherlock shrugged. "'Boy died', she said, 'for Purity!'" And so saying, he seized the contents of the space where the hole had been which had been left

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by the vacuum, removed the contents, removed *that*, and held the result up to the light. "I have discovered *Purity!*" he cried.

"But you have nothing there!" ejaculated Tom.

"Precisely", laughed Sherlock Holmes diabolically, as the door bell rang. "But if I am not very much mistaken, and I have never been mistaken except in the following cases," naming them, "this is the very lady now of whom we were speaking. It always is", he added by way of explanation, as he drew aside the window curtains and pointed to the long, low, empty battle chariot before the door, like a huge yellow insect, open as a yacht, it wore a great shining bonnet, as supplied to his Most Catholic Majesty. (*Ed. Note:* It was an automobile. *Ans.*)

"The lady is tall, not very tall, but short, her face is small as a lady's handkerchief provided she hasn't a cold, wearing a light brown leather jacket, and as they would say in the England of long ago — she is fair. To be fair, to be sad . . . why, is she intelligent, too? And always her hair dances a tawny, formal dance . . . may I have the next? I promised Lord Eggleston. But . . . on her cheek, under the shadow of a Green Hat which she wears bravely, *pour le style.*"

"My God, Sherlock!" cried Dick, amazed by the man's extraordinary powers of deduction, "how can you tell all that?"

"Oh, I read the book", snapped Sherlock Holmes, as the door opened and our visitor entered.

"I've always wanted", said the voice of the Green Hat. One could not see her face, because the full moon does not rise over El Dorado till Thursday. One murmured thus and thus. She murmured: "You know, vaguely. . . ."

"Of course, vaguely", said Sherlock Holmes. She sat in the deep wicker armchair. People named Elmer always sit in deep wicker armchairs. Superficially; but, then, God help us all! "I wonder." Who said that?

"Who said what?"

"I wonder."

"Perhaps you are right", she replied; and her hand smelled dimly of that scent whose name I shall now never know. She too belonged then to the scent-whose-name-I-shall-now-never-know School. "Why?" she said. "But, really . . ."

She looked at him through a pair of opera glasses, upside down, and then she wound her watch, but one did not know. One never knew. Even if one wrote it. . . . Or even why. . . .

"Women", he said, "are —"

"Of course, *women.* But —"

"Then how should I say 'women' — ?"

"You should make a dash after them", suggested fun loving Tom merrily.

"Am I", she cried suddenly, "real? I must know. Am I thus, or else thus? Do I wear this hat for the style (*pour le style*)? Am I — style? *His style?*" She shuddered. "Am I vacuity, or Mencken, or both?" Her eyes were spoonfuls of the Mediterranean. "*Do I exist?*"

The clock struck twelve. What of it?

"You are not a bad woman, Iris March", said Sherlock Holmes kindly. "You are just bad grammar."

Chrysanthemums bloom in September; and they say that the Americans will "tell the cock eyed world". Phut! one never knows. People with prominent left ears — *qu'est-ce que c'est que ça!* (what is it that it is that that?) — one prefers turnips.

"Boy died", she said, "for Purity. And there's Gerald. . . ."

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"You are not a bad woman, Iris March. You are just bad grammar."

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"My God! Not Gerald. . . ."

" . . . ." she replied, and was gone. Phut!

"The Sign of the Four!" gasped Dick, as the Rollo Boys stared at each other in horror. "We are not a moment too soon!"

"To the rescue!" cried Sherlock Holmes; and, seizing their magnifying glasses, the Rollo Boys set out in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER NINE

AS swiftly as possible (which is not any too gosh darned swift) the Rollo Boys and Sherlock Holmes advanced down their intricate maze of twisted phrases, similes, and winding allusions, trying to find their way through the mystery of Mr. Arlen's style. Now and then their eyes watered as a loose adjective whipped their faces; and once Dick caught himself in the nick of time from stepping into a deep insinuation directly in his way. On both sides little bypaths lured them from their main course, but they continued resolutely ahead, reading neither to the right nor to the left. Once a deep chasm between two chapters loomed before them, and they only crossed the gap by grasping at a hidden meaning. Once a break in the narration yawned at their very feet. Once Dick yawned himself. . . .

"Pray God we are not too late!" prayed God Sherlock Holmes as they followed down the trailing dots..... to the little group that stood clustered about the open window of Gerald's bedroom, on the third floor of Shepherd's Market.

"It's awful", said one. "You see . . ."

"Exactly", said the lady of the Green Hat. "And he—"

"Quite", replied one; for Gerald was not. "Gerald died", explained the lady of the Green Hat, as Sherlock Holmes and the Rollo Boys arrived at a run and stared at the open window, at the sidewalk below, "for Purity!"

Well! but one can count to ten. You Americans would say: "It is a wow!" She was saying: ". . . and in the heart of the dandelion a tiny little rose." There is one for you. For that matter, there is one for Burbank. "Who?" asked Holmes.

"Hilary . . ." she replied wildly, "and Guy . . . and Napier . . . and old Sir Maurice. . . ."

"The Sign of the Four!" gasped Dick, and the Rollo Boys stared at each other in horror.

"Cripes! all of them?" ejaculated Tom.

"Hark!" cried Sherlock Holmes; and all the Rollo Boys pricked their ears except Harry, who had had his ears pricked by an old gipsy woman when he was a baby. From afar came the mysterious punctuation: ". . . . . ."

"S O S!" gasped Holmes, and the Rollo Boys set out in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER NINE

THERE was a rhythm. There was syncopation. It had a beat, like a policeman. Instant, unforgetable, unforgivable, it throbbed like a sore thumb. There were many green dresses: red, blue, pink. The women had white oval faces, small breasts, black eyes, thin arms, and husbands named George. Everyone's husband is named George; and there you are. Or there. I see you, behind the clock. "Quick!" hissed Holmes. The King of Spain was eating salted almonds.

Silently the three Rollo Boys and the detective drew on the red and green

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checkered pants, the bright gold epaulets and cocked hat, the long blue beard and spectacles; and thus completely disguised as head waiters they wandered unnoticed toward that table . . . (which table? How should I know; listen what he's saying. I know, but Mama — Ssssh!)

"Not at all", smiled Mr. Arlen. "There has been no murder."

Hilary said: "Life is, life being what it is, life. . . ."

Sir Maurice started: "We are the damned victims — "

Guy and Napier said nothing. They were somewhere else. They were never in Buffalo either.

"— of a literary style", finished Guy; and Napier said thus and thus.

They walked arm in arm to the window. Everyone walks arm in arm to the window, or goes to the Boston Symphony and wears dress shields. "Iris . . ."

"The Sign of the Four!" croaked Dick, as the Rollo Boys stared at each other, slightly bored as a matter of fact.

"We die", announced the four, standing on the window sill, ". . . you first, Hilary? After you, Guy. No matter . . . 'for Purity!'" They lit a cigarette. . . .

"We are getting warmer!" gasped Holmes, mopping his brow as the Rollo Boys set out once more in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER NINE

"IRIS . . ." rose to their lips. "That car's gone mad!" They swept headlong around the corner. "Iris!" Holmes sobbed. "Stop her, Arlen! Stop her! Not that — "

She poised on the sill of the third story window. "I die", she said, "for Purity —"

"For purity of what?" shrieked Tom.

"For purity of grammar", she replied, as she held her nose and jumped. . . . People yelled. . . . The Rollo Boys were on the sidewalk and Holmes stooped and picked up the Green Hat. Beneath it on the sidewalk there was only a great, jagged, dripping stain . . . only a mixed metaphor. . . .

"Michael Arlen!" cried Dick, leaping into the swarm of eager parodists, humorists, and newspaper columnists who had already gathered about the nonchalant novelist in their midst. "Wanted for the murder of those Charming People!"

"Not at all", smiled Arlen suavely, as he elbowed his way through the rapidly increasing crowd of imitators and burlesquers, and set off in the

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direction of Southampton. "There has been no murder. All good Arlen characters when they die simply go to America!"

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the relieved citizens of Mayfair, tossing their green hats in the air and cheering lustily. The cheers were given with a will; and the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes, not only of our young heroes, but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled: "And Here Let Us Say Good-by; or, Beer and Light Winesburg."

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

TO A MOSQUITO DYING YOUNG

By Dorothy E. Bryant

SMALL foolish biter,
Thin winged humming pest,
Could you have felt that zooming flight and rest
On breeze bent grasses
Were your life's real zest,
You might be zooming still,
The end unguessed.
But no, greed stayed your wings.
I did the rest.

Was one meal worth the cost?
Did one large bite,
That stretched your body
To a red globe bright,
Contain satiety of mad delight
So that you deem well lost
That singing flight?

It's late to ask.
This clot of legs and wings
Holds little kinship with the flight that sings;
But if your shade regrets,
My bite still stings.

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MARCO POLO'S PROGENY

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

SOME of us are only a little adventurous. We dream of the golden road to Samarkand but we go to Philadelphia. We roll upon our tongues the romance freighted names of Damascus and Babylon and Bagdad, but for ourselves we ignominiously prefer cities with a good working police force, a reasonably pure water supply, and no crying need of insect powder. If you discover that your tendency is to cling to Fifth Avenue and the theatre district, you may be very sure that you will never go to Bogotá nor see the Khyber Pass.

Marco Polo set the fashion in travel books some three centuries and more ago. His fellow Venetians could scarcely credit his marvelous tales of far Cathay, of the province he had ruled, the princess he had loved, and people so unlike themselves. And yet the wish remains. We want to be thrilled with tales of strange cities and far peoples, and places we shall never see. We want the marvelous, and still there are kin of Marco Polo ready to scale the last blue mountain and bring us news of what lies beyond.

A fondness for travel books is pretty sure to be a sign of softness. No true adventurer stops to read. He goes and learns for himself. And yet it is possible that if American readers all turned adventurer, Tibet and Arabia and Afghanistan and New Guinea and Kondeland might become less romantic than St. Louis or Utica. One does not want to meet one's fellow townsmen on the streets of Bagdad!

You cannot have things both ways in this world. If you are a tourist you cannot make yourself a traveler, and if you are born a traveler you will never be content to remain a tourist. Americans used to be travelers in the days when our clipper ships nosed their way into all the ports of the world. That was before we tried to standardize the travel urge, spread it thin, and make it go round. Now Struthers Burt says that tourists and not cattle are the big business of our once wild west. American life has become a glittering circle in which a large percentage of Americans are engaged in producing something which caters to the comfort or progress of tourists, and with the money they earn are becoming tourists themselves.

The tourist does not want adventure. It might prove disagreeable. He wants at least as many comforts as he has at home. He could do with a few more. He is persuaded that there is just as beautiful scenery along good roads, and that all the romantic places are mentioned in the guidebooks — for the spirit of the explorer is not in him. He is none of Marco Polo's breed.

The tourist returns to tell of the hotels where he has stayed and of the detours which vexed his progress. The traveler brings back a whole packful of strange tales and earns his supper and wherewithal for future journeyings by the telling of them. If he is very expert he can make even railway junctions sound interesting, as

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Clayton Hamilton does, though that is a triumph of story telling skill. Too often travelers merely sing for their supper. For there is a way of telling tales and a way of not telling them.

Strangeness and adventure, the poles and the tropics, China, Africa, and Afghanistan! The world is full of places for the kin of Marco Polo. So long as readers are largely city bred, the lonely polar expanses will seem more perilous than Fifth Avenue of a late afternoon. This is because polar bears are more terrifying than high powered motor cars. Yet to get in the way of either is disastrous. The thrill of polar books depends largely on the sense of loneliness, darkness, and strangeness. The pictures with which they are so liberally illustrated emphasize vast, dimly lighted expanses of ice and snow with few animals and fewer men. Of the three polar books in the present list, Frank Hurley's "Argonauts of the South" gives this impression most clearly, for his pictures are really beautiful and striking. Hurley was the official photographer for the Shackleton and Mawson Antarctic expeditions and one becomes convinced that even the penguins posed especially for him. Certainly those massive towering icebergs must have sat for him! Donald MacMillan's book is a revised edition of his famous "Four Years in the White North", while "The 'Teddy' Expedition" is an exciting tale of drifting on an ice floe into the Arctic Ocean with no knowledge of whether the ice floe's intentions were malign or benignant. Neither book offers the keen delight of Captain Hurley's pictures.

Sydney and Marjorie Greenbie have written the only American book — and the most unusual book — on the list. "Gold of Ophir" had its inception in China but it has to do with the lure that made America, the lure of the wealth of the Indies which first induced Boston sea captains to leave the known terrors of pirates in the Indian Ocean for the unknown terrors of Cape Horn. A little later it persuaded men to find a quicker route across the continent in covered wagons. The one thing in this country which the Chinese wanted badly was furs, which could be had for a song in the northwest and traded most profitably in the Chinese ports. Not only do the Greenbies find traces of the influence of the Indies on the New England character, but they tell also of the effect of the China trade in making the United States a nation, in giving it standing among other nations, and at one time yielding it the control of the Pacific. It is a fascinating book, though it does tell that the Salem captains — among whom I had a grandfather — kept to the less adventurous course round the Cape of Good Hope and *peddled* their goods from port to port all the way to India and China! New England sea captains, the Greenbies infer, must have been at least as plentiful as southern colonels, for Herman Melville and Richard Henry Dana are the only persons they have found whose forefathers were in the forecastle!

"Sunlight in New Granada" is William McFee's first, and he threatens his last, travel book. Mr. McFee discovered the Middle Ages existing today in the heart of Colombia, or New Granada as he prefers to call it. Bogotá was one of the melodious names which pleased his youthful fancy. He could scarcely have dreamed, however, that he would ever go there in a hydroplane, though in a mediæval community a hydroplane is no more an anachronism than a railroad train. If you

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should go to Bogotá, he advises that you disguise the fact that you travel for pleasure. The people do not underestimate the charms of their own country but they cannot credit that you would forsake your own fig-tree save for commercial or malign ends. Mr. McFee may have more than his share of imagination, but personally I find something attractive in having a South American coast line changing momentarily into that of Conrad's Costaguana.

There is too little of the precious transforming alchemy of imagination about many travel books. Lowell Thomas has it in his "Beyond Khyber Pass". It is quite credible that he did not draw a free breath till he was safely outside the realm of the Khan of Afghanistan, for neither does the reader. Unless you are yourself contemplating a journey into the African jungle or the heart of Central Asia, you are not likely to be vitally concerned with insects or drinking water or even with equipment. You want excitement and thrill — vicariously to be sure — but not the thrill provided by small pox or typhoid.

Many travel books are merely accounts of facts interesting only to those desiring special information on the subject. Harold Speakman's journey with a donkey through Ireland, Ralph Fox's account of the people of the Steppes, Harry Franck's book on Southern China, E. Alexander Powell's story of equatorial Africa, and Mrs. Steuart Erskine's "The Vanished Cities of Arabia" are all factual books. "The Spirit-Ridden Konde" is more unusual, for the natives of the Lake Nyasa region are completely ruled by superstition and live in constant consultation with the dead. Mr. MacKenzie, who has lived among them twenty four years, relates that they foretold the German defeats in Africa and as a consequence the Germans had to go elsewhere for carriers. Marco Polo himself might envy the strange tales told by E. Baxter Riley who has lived many years in New Guinea, supposedly the most terror haunted spot on earth, and who tells strange and gruesome tales of Papuan head-hunters. Personally I find great pleasure in Ellsworth Huntington's interpretations of Far Eastern peoples from the standpoint of an anthropologist and a geographer in his book "West of the Pacific".

Grace Thompson Seton experienced a myriad of adventures in six months' traveling in India — with a male lady's maid by the way! " 'Yes, Lady Saheb' " is a good title for a very informal book. It contains the sort of undigested impressions particularly abhorrent to Thomas Steep (whose "Chinese Fantastics" are masterpieces of reticence as well as humorous sidelights on the Chinese and the foreigner in his country). Like Lafcadio Hearn, Mr. Steep feels that the longer you live in the East, the less capable you feel of writing about it.

Mrs. Wharton's book on Morocco, which she visited during the last days of the war — being one of the first foreigners to penetrate farther than the outposts of this strange land — is the exact opposite of Grace Thompson Seton's. There is nothing hasty, nothing jumbled here. That is the difference between a front page news story and an essay — and of course there are those who prefer the news story. "In Morocco" is a carefully considered study of a country and a people, full of interest and charm, though lacking the excitements of " 'Yes, Lady Saheb' ".

It is surprising how many of these followers of Marco Polo are women.

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There is a very pleasant account of the journey of two Englishwomen to the cities of North Africa — Algiers, Tunis, and Carthage — which goes by the enigmatic title of "In the Sun with a Passport". The book, however, is not enigmatic at all. The most surprising among these women travelers is Ella R. Christie, who traveled through Central Asia alone. "Through Khiva to Golden Samarkand" is a story of truly romantic territory. It was a journey worthy of the great Marco Polo himself — and undertaken by a woman. Here is a magic country — Bokhara, Khiva, and Samarkand whose marketplace, the Reghistan, the late Lord Curzon called "the noblest public square in the world", one with which even the Piazza di San Marco in Venice cannot compete. In this book the wonder of fable is molded to the magic of fact, and romance rides side by side with romantic tradition. It is a modern "Arabian Nights" of a book, for which we may be truly grateful in these days when the deeps of the sea and the high air are becoming commonplace. And because of it we can fling our challenge to the famous Venetian, since in the twentieth century a western woman has penetrated Central Asia alone and come back to tell us fabulous tales.

Wanderings. By Clayton Hamilton. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Argonauts of the South. By Captain Frank Hurley. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Four Years in the White North. By Donald B. MacMillan. The Medici Society.

The "Teddy" Expedition. By Kai R. Dahl. Translated by Grace Isabel Colbron. D. Appleton and Company.

Gold of Ophir. By Sydney and Marjorie Greenbie. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Sunlight in New Granada. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Beyond Khyber Pass. By Lowell Thomas. The Century Company.

Here's Ireland. By Harold Speakman. Dodd, Mead and Company.

People of the Steppes. By Ralph Fox. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Roving Through Southern China. By Harry A. Franck. The Century Company.

The Map That is Half Unrolled. By E. Alexander Powell. The Century Company.

The Vanished Cities of Arabia. By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Spirit-Ridden Konde. By D. R. MacKenzie. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Among Papuan Headhunters. By E. Baxter Riley. J. B. Lippincott Company.

West of the Pacific. By Ellsworth Huntington. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Yes, Lady Saheb." By Grace Thompson Seton. Harper and Brothers.

Chinese Fantastics. By Thomas Steep. The Century Company.

In Morocco. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In the Sun with a Passport. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. George H. Doran Company.

Through Khiva to Golden Samarkand. By Ella R. Christie. J. B. Lippincott Company.

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THE NEW YORKER

Hamlet in Modern Dress — Two Costume Plays — Realism, Good and Not So Good — Drama of Adolescent and of Marital Woe — The Opera Opens — Return of the Charlot Revue

DURING the past month an inundation of plays has descended on Broadway and its vicinity — many of them to be rushed off almost as speedily as they were rushed in from the provinces. In all this flood, and it comprises every type and design, there is none that will be mentioned or remembered a year from now with the exception of "Hamlet" in modern dress. This was a novelty. Close on the heels of its London venture, Horace Liveright produced the mufti version here. The play was replete with modern accessories. There was a telephone on the stage, Polonius was done to death behind the curtain with a revolver, the actors smoked cigarettes more persistently than in any other production in town, and the queen had bobbed hair. The one inconsistency of the play might have been removed if the voice of the ghost of Hamlet's father had been heard through the radio. In a setting of knee length dresses, bowler hats and overcoats, a spirit which floated about the stage in a conventional grey cloak seemed incongruous. Lest these remarks should appear to indicate that we are scornful of this attempt at modernism in Shakespeare, we wish to state that we approve — violently. It seemed as if the actors in every day dress immediately became conscious of the meaning of their lines and in consequence spoke them with real intelligence, not mouthing them, as many of our players do. Certainly the spectators who came scoffingly to their seats remained intent as if they were hearing the real "Hamlet" for the first time. Basil Sydney as Hamlet was excellent and Helen Chandler played the difficult rôle of Ophelia well, but the honors of the evening went to Ernest Lawford as Polonius. His elderly and garrulous diplomat was alive and timeless. We sincerely hope that this "Hamlet" may remain long enough to bring to the theatre many of those thousands who are too likely to consider Shakespeare a duty in school days and the revivals of his plays as vehicles for the vanity of some star.

There are too many costume plays anyway, and the actors are rarely if ever able to make them convincing. "The School for Scandal" with the metallic Mrs. Insull as Lady Teazle was revived in a hard bright manner that was intensely irritating although it may have been correct. The players at any rate knew how to wear their clothes, which were gorgeous enough to justify the production's being called a spectacle. In "The Carolinian", taken from a novel by the immensely popular Sabatini, they could not even do that. All of them looked as if they had hurried to Eaves Costume Company to grab up haphazard anything that might do for a fancy dress ball, and they wore the garments as self consciously. We were fascinated by an unknown gentleman in a black and white wig which looked like a piece of civet cat fur, who ranted and

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screamed in a manner truly ferocious, and we were mildly bored by Sidney Blackmer who delivered his lines with a pompousness and a conviction of melodrama that have not been heard in these parts since the days of "Way Down East". The audience applauded dutifully all the lines indicating pure Americanism in the days of the Revolution. When this play has been properly interred the sets can be used again for a comedy laid in Long Island, and it will not even be necessary to change the electric lights in the chandelier.

When the Stagers quietly produced "A Man's Man", there was little fuss and furor about it, although the play deserves all the good that can be said of it. It is essentially honest and there is no attempt at a compromise whereby the spectators may leave the theatre happy in the knowledge that all is well with the characters. All is not well with the characters, and one can visualize them having the very devil of a time in their upward climb toward those things which seem so necessary to our western civilization. Nevertheless, this state of affairs can be forgiven in a piece which sets out so obviously to tell the truth and which so well succeeds. Indeed, as one watched one had the uncomfortable feeling that the walls of the theatre had dropped away and that it was really life under the "L". Just such a bitter comedy as might be seen from the elevated railroad anywhere along Third Avenue if only the train paused long enough. When the play first appeared it languished for a time, but an open letter of praise signed by such interesting and diverse personalities as Ernest Boyd, Julia Hoyt, Achmed Abdullah, and Mary Cass Canfield stirred the lethargic theatregoer into action, and now the play is apparently in for a run. The cast is excellent, with Josephine Hutchinson and Dwight Frye doing brilliant work.

Another group of players, the Theatre Guild, produced the much heralded "Glass Slipper" by Ferenc Molnar. This Hungarian version of the story of Cinderella was received by the critics with salvos of applause and we hastened to share their pleasure. It could not be done. The story deals with a drab little maid-of-all-work in a boarding house and her love for a middle aged boarder. The keynote of the play is noise, and empty noise. Everyone shouts at everyone else; the persistent Helen Westley holds the stage for much of the evening, booming her tirades in the time honored Westley manner. To add to the general clamor there is a thunderstorm introduced during an argumentative wedding supper, for no other reason than to give the actors an exit cue. In its quieter moments the play is merely dull; the blue pencil might have been used to wipe out much needless repetition. Molnar must have had moments of doubt when he wrote it, since several of the delightful effects used in "Liliom" are introduced in a vain attempt to buck up the piece. These include a new version of the now famous photograph scene — "The lady looks at the gentleman, the gentleman looks at the camera" — and a courtroom scene, without, however, the red and blue lights suggesting heaven and hell. There was no doubt in the mind of this reviewer what it meant to him. June Walker gave a very lovely and sincere performance as the little drab, but even she was unable to raise the play above the level of a pathological study of a neurotic young girl who is sex mad. And so she struggles bravely from boarding house to bawdy house and thence to the courtroom, where in

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a scene of final inanity she finds her lover's arms. The audience, leaving the theatre, had a rather stunned look, and the comments were not wholly complimentary. Nevertheless the critics are still singing in the streets and erecting triumphal arches.

There is a play concerning the struggle of adolescence before the newly discovered monster of sex which succeeds in every respect where "The Glass Slipper" fails. We refer to "Young Woodley", in which Glenn Hunter is starring after three years away from New York. This comedy came under the ban in England, where it was forbidden production for no reason that we can see except that it concerns English schoolboys. Possibly in England schoolboys never fall in love with their masters' wives, and sex is ignored until graduation. At any rate, the play had to come to America for a showing and presumably the day was saved at Eton and Harrow. Mr. Hunter ought to receive a vote of thanks for the beautiful restraint with which he plays Woodley. In a rôle which teems with laughs for the vulgar, he ignores them every one, acting his part as if he had a message to give, which of course he has. We wondered how many parents in the orchestra might be squirming uneasily at the thought of their own misunderstood sons, and how many men might be remembering with a sigh the agonies of their own calf love. The author has built up a comedy as delicate and graceful as it is true. Indeed, its truth must be apparent if one can sit without boredom through an evening listening to the half formed opinions of eighteen year old boys on love. It is slightly inconsistent in a play which is entirely English, and apparently so cast, to have Glenn Hunter, who is altogether New York State in accent

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Plot Concerns—" by Joseph Kaye and Burr Cook (Putnam). A retelling of popular plays in story form for those far distant who would know what goes on along Broadway.

"The Man with a Load of Mischief" by Ashley Dukes (Doran). A beautifully written and readable play by one of England's most prominent critic-playwrights.

"Drawings for the Theatre" by Robert Edmond Jones (Theatre Arts). A book of which all Americans should be proud. The finest of our native dramatic designers at his very best.

"Robert Burns" by John Drinkwater (Houghton Mifflin). A dignified and beautiful piece of dramatic portraiture.

"If I Know What I Mean" by Elsie Janis (Putnam). Froth from a popular actress.

"Three Short Plays" by May McKinney Palmer, M. D. (Author, Seattle, Wash.). Tiny dramas produced by the Woman's University Club players of Seattle.

"The Science of Playwriting" by Moses L. Malevinsky (Brentano). Scholarly and vastly interesting volume by the world famous dramatic lawyer.

"The Trial of Jesus" by John Masefield (Macmillan). Dignity of poetry and scene mark this drama by the great English poet.

"Everyday Plays for Home, School and Settlement" by Virginia Olcott (Dodd, Mead). Excellent and workable little dramas for young people.

"Modern Theatres" by Irving Pichel (Harcourt, Brace). An unusual study of theatrical matters from the architectural standpoint.

"Short Plays for Young People" selected by James Plaisted Webber and Hanson Hart Webster (Houghton Mifflin). An excellent and well printed anthology.

"Fairyland and Footlights" by M. Jagendorf (Brentano). He is among the best of the writers of plays for children.

"Making the Little Theater Pay" by Oliver Hinsdell (French). The director of the Dallas Little Theater furnishes practical suggestions as to organization, production, and promotion.

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and intonation, as the star. But Hunter's breathless, husky voice, and his skill in using it, would carry him over difficulties far greater than this. "Young Woodley" is delightful.

We can also heartily approve of "Craig's Wife", which brings our favorite Chrystal Herne back to Broadway. This play, thanks be, is described as a drama, in distinction to most productions which are labeled comedies unless sudden and violent death meets the actors in the last act. We have not detected any intense yearning on the part of the public for comedies only, but apparently the managers think they are a requisite to success. This is a piece in which Miss Herne plays a wife who loves her house better than her husband, her polished floors better than the flowers that fall on them, and she extracts every bit of value from the rôle. That she is a part of every woman was evidenced by the uproarious way in which husbands discussed the play during intermissions and the insistent way in which the wives ignored it. We can think of no actress at the moment who plays a subtle rôle in so polished a manner as Miss Herne, with the exception of Clare Eames, and she unfortunately was seen only for a flashing space in "Lucky Sam McCarver". Sidney Howard, the author, also wrote "They Knew What They Wanted". In this case the public knew what it didn't want and "Lucky Sam" departed after the briefest of runs.

It is hard, almost impossible in fact, to gauge the public taste. Producers spend fortunes each year guessing at it, and as often as not they guess wrong. Sometimes they seem to get together in mass formation in order to convince their patrons willy nilly of what is good for them. The managerial slogan, of the left wing at least, for this season may well be, "No play complete without one snappy scene, one naughty word." We do not know whether this same trend was apparent last year, since we were in Paris, seeing such simple novelties as the Fratellini slapsticking one another around the Cirque de Paris and Raquel Meller singing Spanish folk songs. Even such risqué farces as "Ça" and "Les Messieurs de Cinq Heures" used the indirect method, leaving the imaginations of the audience to work on their light suggestiveness. In New York the bludgeon and the high voltage current are employed to stun and shock. Here, a nice young thing seeking knowledge of life need no longer go to the barnyard. It's all on the stage. After all, the French, who have only one joke, do it better.

The regular season of opera has opened at the Metropolitan Opera House — the same old "Gioconda" given at new prices — orchestra seats now being $8.25 instead of $7.70, etc. No doubt this increase is to relieve some of the financial burden which has been resting for years on the shoulders of the Angel of the Opera. At any rate the patrons of music got a new backdrop for their money, or one that looked new. We wondered why "La Gioconda", which is rather meaningless music, should have been chosen as the offering on so important a night, and decided it was in order that the standees and Family Circle might not be distracted in using their glasses on the boxes. The boxes filled up slowly and were certainly not so glittering as in the days when boxes at the Metropolitan were handed down by inheritance and it was not necessary to consult a program to see who was who on alternate Thursdays. The opera in New York is still a social function, and it is impossible to imagine it as it is in Europe,

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where the whole family come early to settle down placidly for an evening of Wagner, giving it their utmost attention except when they are fortifying the inner man with sausages and pickles. That is all right with us. We do not care about music with our meals.

An event almost equal in social importance with the opera was the first night of "The Charlot Revue". There were so many dazzling names there from all our different worlds that the newspapers sent society reporters as they would to a function. "The Charlot Revue" has indeed become a function; on its first appearance New York took it to its collective heart and there it still remains. It is difficult to understand why this is. The New York public has been known to go mad over novelties before, but this show of André Charlot is no longer that. Probably its naive quality still appeals to sophisticated audiences which have been overfed on too elaborate productions. And it is naive. There is a happy informality about it all. The lights going up usually reveal a stage hand carrying a table into the wings, and it is not uncommon for at least one of the chorus to arrive fixing a shoulder strap. The spectator is let in on the fact that this revue is being carried to success by at most four people, and is asked to help. Being friendly to direct appeal, he does. But this is ignoring the clever clowning of Beatrice Lillie and the charm of Gertrude Lawrence. When these two artists are on the stage one can be happy; when they are not, one is forced to examine the appalling settings and the ugly costumes with a feeling of depression. Fortunately they are not off the stage for long. We feel that the makers of "The Charlot Revue" have not been quite fair to Miss Lillie and Miss Lawrence this year. The two comediennes work hard with inferior material. When Gertrude Lawrence sings "Russian Blues" we find it a poor substitute for "Limehouse Blues", and Beatrice Lillie has no song quite so funny as "March, March, April, May and June". She is side splitting as a toe dancer, and her impersonation of a servant girl is fabulous, but these are only two numbers. For the rest, we regretted that there was so much of Jack Buchanan and so little of Herbert Mundin. If you are in love with either Beatrice Lillie or Gertrude Lawrence, as half of New York is, you will probably enjoy this "Charlot Revue" nearly as much as the first, but if you are not you will wonder what it is all about and why it makes a sensation here which it never made in London.

LARRY BARRETTO

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

"THE WORLD'S" BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1925 — *Doran.* Sixteen famous American editors select their favorite of the year's grist.

* THE SWINGING CARAVAN — Achmed Abdullah — *Brentano.* Tales of the East and its people which rival Kipling's best.

* DARK LAUGHTER — Sherwood Anderson — *Boni, Liveright.* The story of the mind and emotions of an experimenter in life and love.

SASHKA JIGOULEFF — Leonid Andreyev — *McBride.* Revolution, outlawry, and another who gets slapped.

* THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* This year is filled with the echoes of Iris March and her progress from best seller list to dramatic hit.

THE CRYSTAL CUP — Gertrude Atherton — *Boni, Liveright.* Another strange heroine arises in the season's fiction; but this one conquers her strangeness.

CHAINS — Henri Barbusse — *International.* A brilliant arraignment of the so called human race argued with bitter convincingness.

GLORIOUS APOLLO — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Lord Byron forms a waxen lay figure for the finely characterized Lady Byron.

* DRUMS — James Boyd — *Scribner.* A boy's courage is the same, no matter what the period. Here it is the American Revolution.

QUEST — Katharine Newlin Burt — *Houghton Mifflin.* The quest is the usual one for the clue to life — as pursued variously by two sensitive boys. Mrs. Burt has achieved a thoughtful study.

KRAKATIT — Karel Capek — *Macmillan.* Fantastic and explosive, this tale of world politics and plots. (*See page 603.*)

* THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE — Willa Cather — *Knopf.* Money does not bring happiness to this intellectual dreamer, whose family forms the nucleus for a rambling psychological story.

YOUNG EXPERIENCE — Robert Stuart Christie — *Seltzer.* The successful experiences of a refined gold digger retailed in an outmoded style.

GOD HEAD — Leonard Cline — *Viking.* An episode in an egoist's life. A most uneven book, sometimes almost lyric in its beauty but often descending to bald and monotonous prose.

TREADING THE WINEPRESS — Ralph Connor — *Doran.* Moral struggle marks the progress of the hero to complete triumph.

SUSPENSE — Joseph Conrad — *Doubleday, Page.* This unfinished Napoleonic romance has great moments.

THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* The man who loves a fight finds plenty on the royal road to north country villainy and rectitude.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY — Elmer Davis — *McBride.* Ranks among the first ten as a clever, refreshingly comic farce with a touch of melodrama.

OLD YOUTH — Coningsby Dawson — *Cosmopolitan.* At thirty six, the heroine steps into life again in the fullest sense, and a story of sorts results.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A tale constructed on conversational lines; but, after the manner of John Erskine, written with a degree of satire, humor, beauty.

THE SMITHS — Janet Fairbank — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Chicago Smiths live their lives as Chicago Smiths undoubtedly did and do.

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NO MORE PARADES — Ford Madox Ford — *A. and C. Boni.* Not so good as "Some Do Not" but a good novel notwithstanding.

* CARAVAN — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Magnificent short stories by a master of his technique.

THE GREAT WORLD — A Gentleman with a Duster — *Doran.* The world of *grandes dames* and politicians is made human by this master of dramatic portraiture.

* SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* One of the half dozen father-daughter stories of the year, and in some ways the best of the lot.

CLING OF THE CLAY — Milton Hayes — *Adelphi.* In which simple virtue triumphs over the powers of evil in a pretty good mystery plot.

ARIEL CUSTER — Grace Livingston Hill — *Lippincott.* The sanctimonious story of an unbelievably pious girl who leads her lover from the valley of indecision to the heights of faith.

THE ETERNAL CIRCLE — Jay William Hudson — *Appleton.* Which sets out to prove by means of a commonplace love story that love is an eternal circle, and prompts the query, "What of it?"

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE — A. S. M. Hutchinson — *Little, Brown.* Interesting characters struggle soulfully in a novel occasionally gay, but never so gay as it is purposeful.

GERTRUDE HAVILAND'S DIVORCE — Inez Haynes Irwin — *Harper.* A story which succeeds in its object of entertaining but fails to be psychologically convincing.

* THE CONSTANT NYMPH — Margaret Kennedy — *Doubleday, Page.* Sparkling dialogue and unusual people give this gay satire its continuing popularity.

PETER THE CZAR — Klabund — *Putnam.* Splendid savagery in style and content. (*See page 625.*)

THE ROAD TO FORTUNE — Frederic Arnold Kummer — *Doran.* A mystery romance in which characters are actually human beings.

* ARROWSMITH — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* The best novel by one of America's best novelists.

QUEER JUDSON — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* Sensitive, proud, impractical, this Judson person is lovable but not adept at living until someone loves him with all practicality.

THE GREAT PANDOLPHO — William J. Locke — *Dodd, Mead.* If it were necessary to do all that Sir Victor does to win a wife, what a busy and gallant world this would be!

SHELTER — Charles Fielding Marsh — *Appleton.* A leisurely love story of English rural life, achieving the illusion of significance by virtue of its competent style.

MEN MAROONED — George Marsh — *Penn.* All the chill of the frozen north and its wild beauty are gathered in this thrilling tale.

ROMEO IN MOON VILLAGE — George Barr McCutcheon — *Dodd, Mead.* A bridegroom runs away — and then a most enchanting romance develops.

THE "CLIO" — L. H. Myers — *Scribner.* An urbane account of the doings of a group of smart society folk aboard a yacht that gets mixed up with a South American revolution.

LITTLE SHIPS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* With a canvas as large, almost, as her "Certain People of Importance", Mrs. Norris has achieved a story much more human.

GABRIEL SAMARA, PEACEMAKER — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* What might become true in Russia told in a fascinating novel.

* WILD GEESE — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* A beautiful and stirring north country romance that marks its gifted author for larger things.

* THE POWER AND THE GLORY — Gilbert Parker — *Harper.* A story of courage and daring — that of Robert La Salle.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* The selfish male in a setting picturesque and admirably handled.

RED ASHES — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* A complicated love story of the English countryside, with a moral triumph included.

THE OUTCAST — Luigi Pirandello — *Dutton.* Authentic realism in an Italian village, proving that suspicion and hatred will drive innocence to guilt.

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THE HUNTER'S MOON — Ernest Poole — *Macmillan.* A tender, appealing story of a child who dreamed of the great outdoors on the roof of a city apartment house.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES — Gene Stratton-Porter — *Doubleday, Page.* Another hero broken in body and soul wins his way to health — this time via an apiary.

GAS — DRIVE IN — E. J. Rath — *Watt.* An intensely modern setting for an age-old situation.

* THE RED LAMP — Mary Roberts Rinehart — *Doran.* An expert blending of romance and mystery in one of the best of this author's stories.

FRÄULEIN ELSE — Arthur Schnitzler — *Simon, Schuster.* A master technician makes a superb study of the toppling of a girl's mind.

THE HEART OF KATIE O'DOONE — Leroy Scott — *Houghton Mifflin.* A warm hearted Irish Cinderella treads her virtuous way through a reasonable number of tribulations to fame and fortune.

BRED IN THE BONE — Elsie Singmaster — *Houghton Mifflin.* Stories of a Mennonite community — and particularly of two lovable old spinsters — that reflect its serenity, its strength, and its unconscious humor.

THE GIRL WHO CAST OUT FEAR — Dorothy Speare — *Doran.* A sophisticated young woman attempts to adjust her love to the problems of changing economic values.

THREE FARMS — Cynthia Stockley — *Putnam.* Life in the African hinterland again affords a dramatic setting for an unusual situation.

* WOMEN — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* Several couples in a suburb — and Tarkington's genius for humor and understanding. (*See page 602.*)

DANCERS IN THE WIND — Allan Updegraff — *Boni, Liveright.* The romance of a philosophical hermit and a tired business woman.

FIRECRACKERS — Carl Van Vechten — *Knopf.* Gunnar O'Grady unsettles New York society in an unsettled and chaotically clever concoction of perversities.

* THE PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* Stirring and fantastic is this story of an American's adventures in the mystic town of Treliss.

* COUSIN JANE — Harry Leon Wilson — *Cosmopolitan.* The story of a girl brought up in the dim shadow of past family glory. Astute and gentle characterization makes the book rather more than readable.

SAM IN THE SUBURBS — P. G. Wodehouse — *Doran.* Suburban life is peopled with gay characters in a series of comic events.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* Adventure cleverly involved with mystery skips its way over the world and back again to an unraveled and happy ending.

YELLOW FINGERS — Gene Wright — *Lippincott.* Unbelievably villainous yellow men foiled by an incredibly resourceful white girl.

A SON OF HIS FATHER — Harold Bell Wright — *Appleton.* Excitement on a western ranch and a rough man tamed and saved.

* DAYS OF '49 — Gordon Young — *Doran.* A story of the California gold rush that is filled with excitement and beautifully written.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville — one of the American sea stories that must not be missed.

2. "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" by Mark Twain — Mark Twain's book may well be compared with that now offered by his biographer.

3. "The Picture of Dorian Gray" by Oscar Wilde — a lovely new illustrated edition of this famous decadent romance is on the market.

4. "The Charter House of Parma" by Stendhal — several new editions of this great novel have appeared in the past year.

5. "Hail and Farewell" by George Moore — he cannot be overlooked, this strange phenomenon among English men of letters.

An Apostle to Mencken

THE surprising thing about "The Man Mencken" (Simon, Schuster) is that it is the most unfortunately titled book that has come across my path for many a day. Here was a chance to write a fine little biographical sketch. In H. L. Mencken might have been mirrored the strenuosities of a fascinating period. Then, too, there is the fascinating Mr. Mencken himself who, if properly appreciated, affords a picture for the pen of a Strachey or a Bradford. No great man, provided you think Mr. Mencken fills the shoes of that adjective, was ever so belittled by a book intended to raise to pinnacles. Dr. Goldberg's heavy volume is exactly the third rate sort of biography which appears about a third rate journalist, or a European king whose reign has been devoid of note, several years after death, obviously financed by the family. The surprising thing is that such a volume could appear about a living man and that man be cognizant of the fact. To be sure, the boobery of America will find many pictures of Mr. Mencken in many poses, and much information concerning his goings and comings, and the goings and comings of his distinguished forebears. But it all makes a remarkably silly book. Let no one think that I am trying to belittle the powers of Herr Mencken. I expect my admiration for him exceeds that of Dr. Goldberg. He is a brilliant editor and a good friend. His prose style is powerful; his influence in American writing has been profound. He has the greatness of heart to be able to like those whose opinions differ with his, and though he may think them fools, he apparently can enjoy the company of the foolish. Perhaps, of course, that is because he must otherwise prove extraordinarily lonely. My quarrel with Dr. Goldberg is that he has made Mr. Mencken appear foolish, and himself seem a hero worshiping reporter who slings meaningless and adoring phrases over bulky pages, without ever for once allowing to emerge the Mencken that is as fascinating a figure in American journalism as was Joseph Pulitzer. Dr. Goldberg is so busy insisting that there is a "Mencken legend" that he totally forgets his title, "The Man Mencken". I now recommend that some worshiping undergraduate at Wellesley College be found to pen a like book concerning the goings and comings, the tailors and the fancies, of George Jean Nathan. Perhaps there is a George Jean Nathan legend, too. Who knows?

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Mean Mr. Tarkington

ADVERTISED by his publishers as the meanest book Booth Tarkington has ever written is "Women" (Doubleday, Page). One approaches it, therefore, expecting to find another "Alice Adams" and finds, instead, a parcel of delightful foolery concerning the modern club woman, her husband, but chiefly her child. Here are more of Mr. Tarkington's portraits of young love and despair; and he has learned the ways and manners of modern youth. I remember saying once that he did not care to be accurate in little matters of detail when it came to decribing our adolescent young ladies and gentlemen. This statement is no longer true. The dances and the goings and comings of these young sylphs and their swains are quite in accordance with the latest flapper rules and regulations. Now, as to this question of "meany", as Alexander Woollcott would undoubtedly call Mr. Tarkington. Does Mr. Tarkington take women seriously or doesn't he? Well, it is perfectly apparent that Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Cromwell are not, in a sense, sober creations. They do not take their places in the gallery of Tarkington portraits as matrons of force and power. Yet, I do not think the author is here trying to show woman to herself. I do not think that this book of gaiety was written in any spirit of reforming womankind. It occurs to me that the husbands and sons in it are made to appear quite as foolish as the wives and daughters. If Mr. Tarkington is occasionally guilty of surmising some feminine wile not usually ensnared by pens of popular novelists anxious to reach the eyes of our vast woman reading public, he can easily be forgiven for the sake of the charming urbanity of what is really a captivating book. There is no one else who can write burlesque with such an aspect of actuality as Mr. Tarkington presents; and this last volume of sketches and portraits, through which the same characters run, is one of his funniest and perhaps one of his truest books.

Another Keats

IT does not seem possible that another really exciting book about John Keats could be written so soon after Amy Lowell's great biography. It has been done. J. Middleton Murry's "Keats and Shakespeare" (Oxford) is absorbing from first to last. In a prefatory note Mr. Murry pays a tribute to Miss Lowell's first volume and decries the second; he seriously disagrees with her attitude toward the later Keats. Mr. Murry is chiefly interested in John Keats the philosopher of poetry, the perfect type of poet genius, who derives his inspiration from Shakespeare and shares with him, according to Mr. Murry, the heights of English poesy. This is a man's interpretation of Keats; again, unlike Miss Lowell, we have a writer making light of Fanny Brawne. Whatever the truth is about John Keats, his is a figure which apparently can be recreated in several different lights and remain vitally interesting. Mr. Murry makes him a glamorous and a beautiful figure. He does not mother him as did Miss Lowell; and whereas Miss Lowell's portrait of Keats will always remain to me the perfect figure of the struggling genius, almost perfectly understood, Mr. Murry's young Apollo is a picture almost equally inspiring. I can only recommend that anyone who read Miss Lowell's book with interest turn at once to the new volume. I have not yet had the opportunity to sit down

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with them both before me and make a careful comparison. That task will be a joy. Perhaps the chief power of "Keats and Shakespeare" is that it is not only a portrait of the man Keats, seen through his work methods and his developing philosophy, but also a fine flowing commentary on poetic thought and the philosophy of æsthetics. It is clear and, although it resorts to rather blatant mysticism, seems at times almost inspired. I should like to quote two passages:

"Beauty in all things." This was Keats' great poetic intuition, and the revelation of this beauty the great human purpose to which he dedicated himself and for which he was prepared to die. It sounds simple; it is tremendous. It involves a profound acceptance of life as it is, a passing beyond all rebellion not into the apathy of stoic resignation, but into a condition of soul to which the sum of things — "foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor" — is revealed as necessary and true and beautiful: and for the creative genius of the poet it means not only to have this vision, not only to have attained "high reason, and the love of good and ill", but to have the purpose and the power to reveal to men that good and ill are to be loved; not only the faculty to see that the sum of things is supremely beautiful, but the faculty to show to other men that it is supremely beautiful.

That Keats should be remembered in this way fills me with passionate indignation. It is wrong, utterly wrong. There is no man living, and no man has lived, who has the right to pass judgement upon Keats. It is an act of terrible presumption. When I read in a Life of Keats that "there was a great spiritual flaw in his nature", I am first amazed and then indignant. By what standard, by what right is Keats thus judged? What spiritual flaw was in him that was not in Shakespeare? And if we do not dare to say that Shakespeare was morbid and sickly, let us have at least the generosity to hold our peace about Keats. With the genius of the pure poet, as Keats' was, you cannot make conditions: you cannot say you will accept this and reject that, approve of this and disapprove of that. You must accept the whole; you must understand that the elements of which you disapprove are the foundation of the achievement which you do approve, and therefore in addition to rank ingratitude you lay yourself open to the charge of not truly understanding what you profess to admire. Shakespeare without some of "The Sonnets" and "Measure for Measure" and "Troilus" would be a much more pleasant and gentlemanly Shakespeare, no doubt, but he would not be Shakespeare. By the same stroke by which you deprive him of "Measure for Measure" and "Troilus", you would deprive him also of "Hamlet" and "Lear". The same "spiritual flaw" in Keats' nature which made of his love for Fanny Brawne a consuming and mortal passion, gave the intolerable beauty to the music of his "Ode to a Nightingale". And the odds are great that if you cannot bear to look upon the one, you will not be able to hear the other.

Chemical Mysticism

KAREL CAPEK, with his grotesque fantasy which conceived plays like "The World We Live In" and "R. U. R.", has attempted to repeat in his novel something of the dramatization of world despair that he showed in the latter play. "Krakatit" (Macmillan), although not entirely successful, and certainly not a book for the casual reader, has nevertheless a fine upspringing of mad fancy that is compelling at times. For the most part a wandering in the mind of an insane man, it pictures various world powers trying to gain control of the inventor of a new explosive powder which is capable of wrecking the world. This melodramatic theme is saved from melodrama by scenes of insanity and violent sex attraction. The end is mystic and rather beautiful. "Krakatit" is certainly not so good a novel as "R. U. R." was a play, and it shows the same fault of prettifying a good theme, and of jumping from elaborate satire into swift and not always carefully prepared melodrama. Yet, in spite of the fact that the concoction is not perfectly organized it has a strange appeal, and if you like H. G. Wells at his worst, and want something quite dif-

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ferent from the ordinary run of fiction, you might see what you can make of this adventure in science, politics, and an anything but quiet love romance.

The Biographical Field Analyzed

DR. JOSEPH COLLINS has always seemed to me one of the most stimulating of current writers on literary topics. He is by no means always the careful litterateur; he strikes through conventions of thought. Yet he realizes paragraphs and essays of profound distinction because they are profoundly revelatory. His prose is not always studied but it is often filled with daring and provocative figures. His best writing is undoubtedly in this latest book of his, "The Doctor Looks at Biography" (Doran). Here he has a double chance for clinical probing. Not only can he approach the man whose biography has been written, but he has also an opportunity to give a thought to the biographer. Dr. Collins discusses much current writing, and includes, besides, excellent essays on biography and autobiography in general. It is a wide field of human activity that he covers here; he succeeds in giving a compelling panorama of the lives of great and small, in all ages. To anyone vitally interested in the conduct of human life, I can think of no book in the current season that is likely to prove more constantly interesting.

Too lately published to be discussed by Dr. Collins is a book of biographical nature which has been edited with loving care by Edna Kenton, and given a fine format by its publishers. "The Jesuit Relations" (A. and C. Boni) is a moving and a most informative book. It is presented for the first time in condensed form, and its stories of heroism and suffering, of Indian character and of colonization, are thrilling enough to warrant a place on the shelf of any lover of history or of daring. Here are two volumes I recommend heartily to the general reader. They have both meat and entertainment and, whatever your philosophy or creed, they have also intellectual stimulation.

A Furious Poet from Pittsburgh

WHEN Robinson Jeffers's poetry was published last season privately, it was heralded as great literature by many who are supposed to know great literature whether it is published by public or private presses. Now "Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems" appears quite shamelessly in an orange cover sponsored by Mr. Liveright. There is no question that Mr. Jeffers has amazing powers of expression. There are pages and lines of great strength and beauty. There is a fertile if somewhat febrile imagination. Yes, it seems quite sure now that in future years Pittsburgh's fame will be decreasingly due to steel mills and based more and more upon the fact that Hervey Allen and Robinson Jeffers were born there. "Roan Stallion" is an unforgetable and thoroughly unpleasant performance. It is only fair to warn many readers that they will be horrified by its magnificent but perverse imagining. I say magnificent, because Mr. Jeffers has given to what might have been a disgusting and ugly performance a sort of deep rooting in the soil that imparts the quality of a Greek myth.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE GREATEST AMERICAN

By Will H. Low

WITH the world made safe for democracy, the artist has lost the high position which autocracy vouchsafed him. Rubens, painter and ambassador, Van Dyck's position at the English court, Charles the Fifth stooping to pick up Titian's brush: all these good old stories, which serve to cheer the practitioner of art as he reflects upon the changes which time has brought, he must concede are of time past. Hence it was somewhat with surprise that he read in the catalogue of the retrospective exhibition of the work of John Singer Sargent, held at the Grand Central Galleries a year ago, the assertion by Professor William Lyon Phelps: "If I were asked to name the greatest living American I would unhesitatingly name John Singer Sargent."

William Howe Downes, the veteran critic of the Boston "Transcript", in his present book "John S. Sargent, His Life and Work", quotes Professor Phelps's appreciation with seeming approval, and in his difficult task throughout the book goes far to prove it. The task is obviously difficult, for the time that has elapsed since Sargent's death is too short for anything like a definite biography. Indeed it may be well that such a book will never be written, for the shy elusive personality of the man was such as to withhold all that he could of the traits upon which the biographer feeds. Apparently it was his will to do his work to the best of his ability — supremely well he may be pardoned, if he thought it — and let it go at that!

So we have, in this work of Mr. Downes, what he modestly and truly calls "an outline sketch" of Sargent's life, supplemented by a *catalogue raisonné* of his works, which last is not altogether successful. It is lacking in the details of the relative size of the canvases, which are only partially given, thus leaving to one unfamiliar with Sargent's work little or no idea of their relative importance. There is an abundance of titles — either of persons, presumably portraits, or of places — which tells little, and the present possession of these pictures is quite generally not indicated. It is true that there is a superabundance of journalistic criticism, evoked at the time of the first exhibition of these pictures, which is chiefly of value as proving, in many instances, how easy it is for a great painter to be misunderstood by the gentleman to whose care the criticism of art is confided in the press. Above all it is amusing to find the insular note so loudly sounded by the English critics, alarmed and defensive against the invasion of the French school, to which Sargent so palpably belonged.

It is not ungenerous or unjust to infer that Mr. Downes has little pretension to have written a full biography, or to have said the last word concerning one beyond doubt the greatest painter of his time. A trained journalist, he has here brought together the salient facts of Sargent's life, uneventful except for the quality of his work; has noted all the celebrities he painted; and in the main has considered his subject as the world has considered him: almost wholly as a portraitist. But he was much more. For at least half of his working

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life his thought and most of his effort were concentrated upon his decorative work.

It was in 1890 that he received the commission for the mural paintings in the Boston Public Library, and from that time his interest in portraiture waned. It was a momentous decision to take to abandon the position he had attained as the foremost portrait painter of his time, and devote himself to imaginative painting. Virtually all the contemporaneous interest in art among the English and American peoples is, and indeed has been for a century, centred upon the portrait. To undertake painting in the "grand style", vast compositions comporting numerous figures, entailing evasive qualities of ordered rhythm, of spaces filled or empty, and to endow this arabesque with meaning, is a task which to the great painters of the Renaissance was habitual; but the moderns, above all the Anglo-Saxon peoples, have scant interest or approval for it.

In going back to the early days of the Carolus Duran *atelier*, where the writer was a fellow student with Sargent, I can remember vividly that my comrade of those days shone in the weekly *concours* of composition sketches, the subjects chosen by our master running the gamut of the traditional subjects of the old masters. In this vein, as truly as in all others, Sargent was the star pupil of the *atelier;* and it has never been a surprise to me that he should have deserted portraiture for the more alluring field of mural painting, and thus returned to the loves of his youth.

It is all this which finds little recognition in Mr. Downes's biography, but it must have loomed large in Sargent's life for the past thirty years; moreover it is a trifling reproach that as an inhabitant of Boston — a city that is generally quite averse to hiding its light under a bushel — Mr. Downes should not have noted that one of its proudest boasts in the future may well be that it divined the capabilities of John Sargent as a mural painter and gave him the chance to develop them.

In this the city ran true to form, for a century ago, when Washington Allston returned from Europe, a number of citizens of Boston formed a joint stock company with a capital of ten thousand dollars "to enable Mr. Allston to paint an historical picture". The result in that case was not happy, the outcome being the shadowy and half effaced picture of "Belshazzar's Feast" which we can still see in a dark corner of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; but the intent was noble and in these latter days a like impulse has given a more adequately equipped painter a chance to show his mettle and endow the fortunate city with a series of works which are vividly interesting, that rise progressively, as he progressed, to a height as yet unattained by any other American painter.

Coming at a moment when our daily press is filled with reproductions of Sargent's latest mural paintings in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, with a memorial exhibition of his work in other mediums held in the same place, with another memorial exhibition soon to be held in the Metropolitan Museum, Mr. Downes's book is timely; for despite the limitations noted, its tone of appreciative admiration is dignified and is everywhere sustained, and the reproductions of Sargent's work are well printed and in a number of cases welcome for their comparative novelty.

As a *mémoire pour servir* it fulfils admirably the author's intention to provide material for a definite biography which later time may give us; but meanwhile in a country which is curiously inattentive to its major mani-

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festations of art, above all to art which essays its highest flights, it is pleasant for a painter writing to welcome this handsome volume and even, to reecho the words already quoted, to consider it a fitting tribute to the greatest American.

John S. Sargent, His Life and Work. By William Howe Downes. Little, Brown and Company.

THE MAN TCHEKHOV

By Jacob Zeitlin

IT would be hard to name a writer who treated his art with greater sincerity than did Tchekhov, who was as impatient of pose and pretentiousness, or who distinguished with such clarity between truth of representation and the coloring of conventional sentiment. In the writings of such a man one is warranted in looking for a faithful reflection of a personal vision of life, and those who have looked into his stories have generally been affected by the sadness of that vision, have carried away the impression of an attitude toward life, weary, dispirited, and melancholy. If they reasoned from the stories to the man, readers would be justified in imagining another of those joyless Russians who found the burden of living too oppressive and lacked the energy to make a fight in the face of odds.

But what a mistaken conception of Tchekhov that would be! Turn to his letters and you will find revealed a man of magnetic vitality, fascinating by virtue of his zest for life, his interest in things — things of all kinds — as well as in human beings. What strikes one is the number of things he positively loves and believes in. He believes in nature and in the love of man and woman. He believes in science and in art. He believes in the dignity of labor whether it is done with the hands or the head. And we know that he believes in these things not from his writing about them but from convincing proofs of other kinds. The man in Tchekhov is greater than the writer. One need not raise the difficult question whether writing is not itself a form of action (it is characteristic of Tchekhov that he never appears to have raised it); the fact is that he was never so happy as when engaged in some practical work of a beneficent nature — giving medical treatment (without pay) to the poor, making an arduous and purely voluntary trip to the island of Saghalien for the purpose of studying the condition of the penal colony and producing with great labor a statistical report of his findings, working with the Zemstvo as a census taker, or collecting funds to save a surgical journal from bankruptcy. In all these activities he was merely putting into practice the belief he once pungently expressed in some remarks on Tolstoy, that "in electricity and steam there is more love of man than there is in chastity and abstinence from meat".

Tchekhov was among those who preached to Russia the importance of acquiring western ideals and culture, western methods of work and habits of life. His instincts were for honor and decency, for truth and self respect, for personal refinement and unselfish labor, and his sensitive spirit suffered from the sloth, the flabbiness, the lying, the impotence, the stupidity, and the human waste with which Russian life was festering. When he met with any of these things in a person who was close to him — a brother or a friend — he delivered a rebuke in burning words with as little tenderness (or as much) for the feelings of his correspondent as a surgeon might display when he is removing a malig-

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nant growth. When he discovered integrity, intellectual honesty, high mindedness or generosity, he felt as though he had drunk a sparkling draft of some rare vintage.

There is more in Tchekhov's letters than this positive, invigorating energy of a soul in love with truth and nobility. In addition to ideals there is wisdom — the wisdom of a man who is living very close to some of the darkest realities of existence, who does not interpose the thinnest filament of makebelieve between his vision and that reality, and yet utters no word of complaint at his destiny. He writes about his sickness freely but simply, not with superhuman detachment nor with imposing bravado, but as of something that is there, something very disagreeable, but not to be banished by reason nor mended by crying. A wise man's part is to manage to draw as much enjoyment from life as his sick body will permit him. The note of self pity never for a moment intrudes into the many letters in which he speaks of his health.

The best evidence of the personal charm of Tchekhov is afforded by the letters to his wife. His devotion was intense and complete, being heightened no doubt by the long periods of separation when his wife was acting in Moscow and he was forced to remain for his health in the Crimea. The letters which he wrote her are full of high spirits, gay, humorous, playful, bantering. Their substance is nothing — the weather, his daily routine, the friends who come and go, his affection for her, on which he plays variations with a thousand endearing phrases — but by the things which they do not say (seeing that it is a husband writing to his wife) fully as much as by what they do, they reveal a thoughtful, selfless, warm hearted, and lovable character. How a man of Tchekhov's healthy mental and moral constitution came to write cheerless plays and stories can perhaps be explained by a study of environment, but the letters will impress his vivid personality even upon those who remain cold to his art.

The Life and Letters of Anton Tchekhov. Translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky and Philip Tomlinson. George H. Doran Company.

The Letters of Anton Pavlovitch Tchehov to Olga Leonardovna Knipper. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. George H. Doran Company.

A FEW BRIEF WORDS

By Will Cuppy

ARISTOTLE once asserted, as possibly you are aware, "All men by nature are actuated with the desire of knowledge." I am aware of it because John Macy quotes the allegation at the top of one of his chapters of "The Story of the World's Literature". I mention it only because upon its truth or falsity depend to a degree the sales of Mr. Macy's excellent volume. That all men by nature are actuated with the desire of knowledge may be a perfectly defensible statement (indeed, upon examination it hardly seems to mean what I thought it did). And then again — well, it may sound more reasonable in the original Greek.

If the Stagirite is right — and, after all, the old fellow was nobody's fool — it becomes an agreeable privilege to bear to all and sundry the glad tidings of Mr. Macy's sizable repository of information, which for the sake of the argument may here be roughly identified with knowledge. No such comprehensive conspectus of the broader developments of the literature of all times and places, at any rate none so meet for the use of those whose needs in

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this field may be thought of as urgent, has been published in our time. This huge preventive and cure for literary ignorance consists of 613 pages of most pleasant and profitable reading.

Our author tells us in a modest foreword that he has tried "to give an account of the books of the world that are of the greatest importance to living people". Fair enough. So far as I can determine, he seems to have reached his objective, or to have come as close thereunto as perhaps lies within the power of any one explorer in so vast a field. Of so mighty a subject he has been able to present only a bird's eye view. Although his volume measures by careful computation 10 x 7 x $2^1/_4$ inches, he has been able to speak, as it were, but a few brief words, and the same phrase must apply to any moderate sized review of his weighty and significant tome. Learned commentators are already abroad with authoritative encomia for this masterwork of one of America's leading critics. I shall add a few random remarks suitable for those of us who, if we were to be described as literary dumbbells, might be hard put to it to prove the contrary.

Beginning with an account of literature which is ancient but good, Mr. Macy takes us first on a flying trip among the early Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Arabs, Persians, and all such, and thence to the Jews, Greeks, and Romans. Three other parts are devoted to the Middle Ages, to modern literature before the nineteenth century, and to that produced during the nineteenth century and up to date, with indications of vexed problems, advice on translations, and a constant fund of friendly and conversational help of all sorts, the whole stunningly adorned with more than two hundred illustrations in color, tone, and line by Onorio Ruotolo.

I see no reason why this volume, so simply and clearly planned and so full of tips for the illiterate, should not lead to an increased demand for the works of Lao Tzŭ, Akáhito, Kālidāsa, Firdusi, Theognis of Megara, Cædmon and Cynewulf, Walther von der Vogelweide, Snorri Sturlason and Sleeckx. I fancy that if Snorri Sturlason does not get the inquisitive delver, Sleeckx must. Snorri Sturlason was a Viking who made a collection of tales called the younger Edda in the thirteenth century, and Sleeckx (first name not given) either was or is a Flemish novelist. Such names are bound to open up new prospects to many of us, though, to be candid, the conspectus lists also a large number of the books that you would not take to a desert island if you could help it.

One is expected, of course, to find fault. I confess that I should be a little happier today if Mr. Macy had not told us once more about what Monsieur Jourdain said, and had he not quoted so many lines that were better, in all pity, given a slight breathing spell. "'Of making many books there is no end.' — Ecclesiastes" heads Chapter One, and from there on we get them all, yes — believe it or not — even to the book of verses underneath the bough. It seems only poetic justice that one of the long suffering nifties has turned and snapped viciously at Mr. Macy, who gets it "topling towers of Ilium". At the risk of seeming to be a hidebound pedant, I must record also that many of Mr. Macy's sentences will not parse, for all that he was once an instructor of English at Harvard University.

It pains me to point out also that in a well meant effort to bring her home to us lowbrows, Mr. Macy observes of Sappho, "In all likelihood she was a woman of genius and passion, like George Sand and the divine Sarah Bern-

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hardt." I hope to die if that is not in the book. I may be all wrong, but it seems to me that this pronouncement should win this year's steamheated cuff links for sour comparisons. It is quite enough to make burning Sappho jump off the Leucadian rock all over again. Moreover, the statement re Sir Thomas Browne, "For most of that modern psychology which is associated with the name of Freud one would not willingly exchange Browne's reflections on sleep and dreams", strikes me as foolish, ignorant, and wellnigh criminal.

For the benefit of native enthusiasts one must declare that the last three chapters, on American writings, can hardly be said to bring the book to a rousing climax. Distinctly these chapters are not cluttered with recent events. An outsider might gather from this account that our poetry ceased with Whitman, after its well known flowering in Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier, and perhaps he would be entitled to a poignant regret that for some strange reason Alice and Phœbe Cary did not make the grade. Nor would it be advisable for the comparative ignoramus to turn to this volume for the latest developments in fiction as practised in these states. The innocent one who should rush to Mr. Macy for the newest novels would be only too likely to emerge with glad cries of discovery and an armful consisting of "Rip Van Winkle", "The Great Stone Face", "The Last of the Mohicans", "The Rise of Silas Lapham", and "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

There is a certain amount of justice in the objection of one customer that while Mr. Macy names many living foreign authors, his only citation for America is Edith Wharton. Perhaps motives of prudence kept the author from involving other quick Americans in his story. I am not at all sure that Mrs. Wharton can take this prominent mention, though delivered *summa cum laude*, as a compliment. If Mr. Macy had singled me out — and I assure you that more ridiculous things have happened in the history of letters — for exclusive comment along with a group of dead and gone Americans who long since have done their worst and passed on, I shouldn't feel much set up about it. In fact, I'd have the law on him.

The whole matter of omissions, selection, and proportion (for the book is overbalanced on the side of England and America and the nineteenth century, as Mr. Macy himself informs me) is one that no author could possibly have handled to the satisfaction of the entire population. I have a dear old friend who will be furious at the apparent slight to Anne, Lady Winchelsea, the celebrated author, if memory serves, of "Spleen". She will accuse Mr. Macy of rank partiality, because she once visited or had pointed out to her the former home of Anne, Lady Winchelsea. For the same reason, nothing will ever convince her that Mr. Macy has not been substantially bribed by Sleeckx, the Flemish novelist.

Mr. Macy had no thought of improving the know-it-alls when he wrote his book. He never intended to teach anything to critics or college professors. It remains true that no one can like a book perfectly and without reservations unless he wrote it himself. To any person who says "The Story of the World's Literature" is not a great and successful feat of composition and criticism, I reply somewhat snootily with one of those chapter headings I affected to despise: "'Books have and contain divers pleasing qualities to those that can duly choose them.' — Montaigne."

The Story of the World's Literature. By John Macy. Illustrated by Onorio Ruotolo. Boni and Liveright.

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A HOOSIER CHRONICLE

By Martha Bayard

INDIANA, that "state of mind" as one wag would have it, the peculiar habitat, since its earliest settlement, of conflicting opinions, has fostered above all else the growth of local politics. It has discharged into the void a not infrequent Elijah Pogram; and also, into the making of the nation, a not infrequent noteworthy figure, even for that subservient office the vice presidency. It is of one of the latter, one whose development stands for what was simplest and therefore best in the growth of the soil, that the Recollections have now been made public—Thomas Riley Marshall.

The book is the man. Born of pioneer parents in the northern counties, Mr. Marshall, in his earliest and in his last years, touched two crises of the Republic. As a child the stirring Lincoln-Douglas debates, "Bleeding Kansas", the pitiful tragedy of old John Brown, were bred in the bone; as vice president he served unobtrusively, loyally, in those years of peculiar difficulty during the storm and stress of the Great War.

Step by step, as the pivotal state he epitomizes, he emerged into maturity. With the law as a profession, his quaint whimsicality (inculcated in the very fibre of his being) seized upon its amusement, its ingenuity, its humor, in a sparsely settled country. He learned to know both sides of a question and to know something, too, of that mysterious, that "mighty narsty thing" in life, human nature. Thus equipped, he came to the governorship of Indiana. First in jest, then in affection, has his name come down as the "Pardoning Governor".

The vice presidency has appealed to many a political organization as a comfortable cage for a stormy petrel; not so for "Tom" Marshall. As has been said of that greater son of the Middle Border, ". . . the man grew to his task." If his only delegated duty was to preside over the Senate, that "quite wilful body of men", he did it adequately and with a kindly understanding, as the pen portraits of his associates show. And nowhere is this sympathetic discrimination more apparent than in the picture of his chief, Woodrow Wilson, to whom he was ever and courageously loyal. He mingled with the great and near great in unpretentious friendliness; frank, outspoken; characterized, as is his writing, by a simplicity above all art.

Mr. Marshall was a Democrat by inheritance, a Democrat by conviction. His opponents in the political battleground that is Indiana have called him partizan, but always honest, with his fundamental belief in individual rather than organization rule. If, as he laughingly transcribes the well known saying, "Democracy is not yet safe for the world", it might not take many of his approved calibre to further that far off event.

A book such as this, largely anecdotal, written exclusively from memory (Mr. Marshall kept no diary), is likely to be characterized as random. It is no more random than life itself. Full of delicious humor, of thoughtful philosophy quaintly expressed, it can for the complete enjoyment of any reader be picked up anywhere; but it cannot so easily be laid down.

Recollections of Thomas R. Marshall. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE OLD FRONTIER

By Herschel Brickell

AS a nation, we tend to become more and more youth-conscious. That shows, the students of such matters tell

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us, we are really beginning to grow up. They say it is only when maturity arrives and the slope of the sun is westward that we try to quicken our slowing pulse beats by recalling younger and more full blooded days.

We are fortunate in having right around the corner a lively youth, which centred in the frontier days of the now civilized and standardized west. We may be pardoned therefore if we spend a bit of our time shedding tears for the glamorous days which are gone, even if some of the still living participants tell us the days were a long way from being so romantic as the story books would have us believe.

This wild west of two gun citizens, who were arch individualists and would have resented with all their ammunition any attempt to standardize their thoughts or their habits, has, as we are often told, pretty well vanished. Even Buffalo Bill's once renowned circus has departed. The old west centres, like El Paso, Cheyenne, San Francisco, Denver, Portland, and so on, are tamed; they bear as little resemblance to their youthful selves as a bucking broncho does to one of Mr. Ford's gentle flivvers.

The passing of the frontier west is not, however, the only part of our history we are beginning to be interested in. We are poking around a bit in even mustier archives, digging into the records of our early infancy, making novels from our findings, publishing with a loud hurrah the diaries of George Washington, exhuming Aaron Burr for a last look at his real character.

Some, at least, of the tears for the passing of one phase of the life of the west, must be reserved. The cowboy refuses to vanish, and not all surviving members of the species are busting broncs in rodeos for the edification of easterners who don't know the difference between a maverick and a lariat. Will James, a cow puncher of amazing talent with typewriter and pen or charcoal, declares in his latest book, "The Drifting Cowboy", a notable successor to his "Cowboys, North and South", "There are still places where the cowboy can spread his loop without having it caught in a fence post."

Mr. James tells his stories exceedingly well, his use of the vernacular being especially admirable, but it is in his drawings that he runs off with all the prizes. They are as chock full of action as an outlaw pony upon the touch of the hated spur; as vigorously alive as a young bronc on a frosty morning. His ponies leap and bellow and squeal; they nearly jump out of the pages.

Wallace Smith is another survivor of the old west who can ride a horse, tell a good yarn, and draw good pictures. His "Oregon Sketches" are mostly about vanished glories; like Will James he adds also a modern touch. Mr. James writes of Hollywood and a rodeo (new style); Mr. Smith of the new pioneers, whose covered wagons are the family lizzies.

To the southward of these eminent practitioners in three lively arts, Owen P. White in "Them Was the Days" writes of El Paso as he knew it in his youth, and despite his efforts to keep his story grimly realistic, allows romance to creep in a little here and there. He refuses to sentimentalize about the valor of the bad men, but grows tender about bartenders. A pardonable weakness, even in a hardboiled newspaper man, as all who knew the elder breed will agree. Ross Santee, still another cowboy artist, illustrates Mr. White's book.

Mr. White is also one of ten native and adopted sons and daughters who have contributed to a symposium — fine highfalutin word to be used of a book about the old west — on "The Taming of the Frontier". There are

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sketches of the flaming youth and settling down of El Paso, Ogden, Denver, St. Paul, Portland, Los Angeles, Kansas City, San Antonio, Cheyenne, and San Francisco. Duncan Aikman, formerly of Vermont, Yale, and New York, and now of El Paso, is the editor. In his preface, he deplores very much the *Götterdämmerung* of the cats who walk by themselves.

In a small book, "The First Forty-Niner", James A. B. Scherer sketches the early history of the city that narrowly missed being called Yerba Buena, only to be dubbed "Frisco" by the slangy. He sketches, too, the career of one Sam Brannan, who brought up the infant village in the way it should go, and as they say in Pittsburgh, look at the darned thing now. Any ambitious young biographer looking for a subject could do no better than to latch onto this Brannan.

Also "touching on and appertaining to" the old west were the days of the beginning and the development of steamboating, which played an epochal part in the settlement of the great open spaces. On western rivers, these times reached their zenith shortly before the Civil War, with a brief recrudescence in the Seventies. Of them, Fred Erving Dayton has compiled a solid and meaty history in "Steamboat Days", a volume full of names and statistics, lightened somewhat by the excellent drawings of John Wolcott Adams.

Mr. Dayton's book also deals comprehensively with coastwise and ocean shipping in its early days. It is valuable for reference; one hopes it may beget other volumes of more interest to the general reader. Volumes worthy of the talent of Mr. Adams, for example.

The more human aspects of the days of our infancy are treated in John T. Faris's "When America Was Young", a handsomely illustrated volume with chapters on houses and home life, the early days of Washington, the city; the correspondence of Washington, the man; lotteries, duels, pirates, and feast days.

The Drifting Cowboy. By Will James. Illustrated by the author. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Oregon Sketches. By Wallace Smith. Illustrated by the author. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Them Was the Days. By Owen P. White. Illustrated by Ross Santee. Minton, Balch and Company.

The Taming of the Frontier. Edited by Duncan Aikman. Minton, Balch and Company.

The First Forty-Niner. By James A. B. Scherer. Minton, Balch and Company.

Steamboat Days. By Fred Erving Dayton. Illustrated by John Wolcott Adams. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

When America Was Young. By John T. Faris. Harper and Brothers.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

WE used to think that a mother's influence on the career of her literary son was so beautifully depicted in Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvie" that that exquisite bit of biography would stand for all time as a tribute to all mothers who have tended the divine fire. But E. F. Benson's "Mother" (Doran) is in some respects a more exciting story. Here is an epic character, a woman filled with religious fire and a consuming zeal for her family. Her life was singularly attuned to the din of world affairs in which her children participated, yet the narrative never loses the intimate quality of the portrait of a beloved person. The book stands as a document of courage as well as a most interesting description of the growth of the creative spirit in its author. It concerns people of distinction and people of no importance. It strikes a nice balance between the vital causes that shape the life of this family and the delightful human trivia that make up the sum of everyday existence.

Henry Cabot Lodge's eagerly awaited posthumous work, "The Senate and the League of Nations" (Scribner), proves to be a sustained and bitter attack upon the Wilson administration from 1913 until the end of the executive's second term in office. It was expected that the author's concentrated hostility would be given free rein here, but in spite of it his book has considerable historic value. Nearly half of the volume is given over to appendices which set forth verbatim reports of the Senator's official speeches and addresses, Senatorial debates on our various wartime policies and measures, the League of Nations, the Peace Treaty, and its aftermath. Those pages which contain Senator Lodge's critical estimate of the late President as statesman and scholar are the most significantly interesting of the book.

A conflict between "just singing" and making verse to some noble purpose, wages behind the poems that comprise Grace Noll Crowell's "White Fire" (Poetry Society of Texas). Here are lyrics fresh with the dew of a true poetic mood, and pious stanzas that truly make one weary with their insistence that the world belongs to God. As if we had not already tired of the reiterated statement that the country of Mrs. Crowell's habitation is "God's Country", she would enforce the fact ad nauseam by her mention of "God's sunset", the "winds of God", "God's May morning", and "God's face". We do not for a moment doubt the sincerity of the religious feeling in these pieces, but we would welcome more of the reticence that, it seems to us at least, marks the true poet. When she is acting the rôle of the lyricist rather than the Sunday School teacher, the author of this little volume approaches the high realm of poetry. Her vision is clear and sharp and her language avoids the pitfalls of the obvious word. There is a sweet, unforced, unselfconscious air about some of the shorter pieces that is in refreshing contrast to the preaching righteousness of others.

For a considerable time, among the thinking people of the land, there has

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been growing a firm concept of what Walter Lippmann calls "the disenchantment of democracy". It has expressed itself in a number of ways despite the lofty slogans of such men as Woodrow Wilson or even Abraham Lincoln. Catch phrases and patriotic display may serve to satisfy the mass public that, as an entity, it actually has a directing part in its own government. But fine words and fluttering flags do not satisfy that small portion of our citizenry which sincerely desires to influence and shape the policies of this nation. In his excellent and clear sighted book, "The Phantom Public" (Harcourt, Brace), Mr. Lippmann has undertaken to clarify the reasons why, in our present system of government, the American public actually stands outside the walls of government, inarticulate, deaf, and as disembodied as a ghost. It is high time, in his opinion, that we abandoned the idea that the people govern. What the popular will does is not to direct continuously but to intervene occasionally. In the second part of this sane book, Mr. Lippmann attempts to demonstrate a new intellectual method which will provide public opinion with its own usable canons of judgment. In the third part he puts his finger on the various trials made by humanity in its efforts "to bring the theory of democracy into somewhat truer alignment with the nature of public opinion". He does not attempt a wholesale solution of the problem, but his carefully thought out attack on the fictitious power attributed to "the people" should, it seems to us, be laid down as the premise for future speculation on the relation of the individual to his government.

The gaily flowered binding of "Small Wares" (Little, Brown), by the author of "The Notion-Counter", is a happy reminder that the boards and jacket of a book should reflect its contents if the book is to be a true representative of the publisher's art. "Small Wares" is just this. Its gay binding denotes whimsy, ease, simplicity, and charm — and the oddments it contains, which the author calls "Marked-Down Remnants of Comment and Criticism, together with a Few Lengths of Shopworn Anecdotes and Some Odds and Ends of Cheap Yarns", are as pleasing as the book's cretonne-like cover. Many of the papers on "Cynthia's Pets", "Cynthia's Garden", and "Cynthia's Medicine Chest" delighted us when they appeared in the "Contributors' Column" of "The Atlantic Monthly". All the author's wares and the piquant sketches by Decie Merwin are as satirical, modest, humorous, and delightful as the binding foretells.

In the introductory chapter of his "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years" (Scribner), Joseph Bucklin Bishop makes a warm plea for the anecdote, taking earnest issue with those who regard "anecdotage" as a species of infirmity. But he might have spared the appeal; the pages that follow bear ample testimony to the correctness of his position and to the interest and value of anecdotes. The sheer entertaining qualities of the book would alone be sufficient excuse for its existence; but, in addition to providing much agreeable reading matter, Mr. Bishop recounts numerous illuminating and informative incidents regarding personages so celebrated as Horace Greeley, John Hay, William Winter, Theodore Roosevelt, George W. Goethals, and others. While ostensibly a volume of personal reminiscences, the book deals primarily with the notable

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characters the author has intimately known and admired.

Considerably more than the careful competence demanded nowadays from the respectable historian marks "A Short History of the American People" (Putnam), in which Professor Robert Granville Caldwell of the Rice Institute deals with the period from 1492 to 1860. Professor Caldwell makes full use of researches which have thrown light upon special problems, and indicates in text or footnote when the reader treads on controversial ground. His study of social and economic forces in their relation to political and constitutional growth is everywhere illuminated by a complementary treatment of the more imponderable elements of popular feeling and emotion. The first chapter, in which the discovery of America is regarded not as a fact but as a process prepared for through the centuries and completed much later than the day of the first explorers, admirably shows the author's method. A slight diminution of the romantic note adds tang to the volume. Professor Caldwell, for instance, makes no attempt to curry favor with the direct descendants of "Mayflower" passengers or other early arrivals, asserting, indeed, that "there is always a temptation to emphasize unduly the part of Plymouth and the Pilgrim fathers in our early history". A second volume is in preparation.

Voltaire's characteristic description of Canada as "a patch of snow — inhabited by barbarians, bears and beavers" has served as a challenge for the assembling of about four hundred pages of absorbing text and lovely photographs in "Beautiful Canada" (Stokes) by Vernon Quinn. This book is truly much more than a travel book, though as such its purpose is admirably fulfilled. By introducing quaint Indian legends gathered from authentic sources, by quoting the verse of native Canadians concerning their own magnificent country, and by using such historical facts as are necessary to gain a full impression of the storied spots in the land, the author has really interpreted all of Canada with a sympathetic eye. If we are to judge by the ubiquitousness of the automobile tourist, he has by this time exhausted the beauties of these United States and is looking for new gas stations to conquer. For the humbling and deepening of his soul, therefore, if it has not already been brought to its knees by the beauty of our own natural showplaces, we would recommend this book. No one who reads it can possibly resist the temptation to cross the invisible frontier and see for himself the noble land that lies beyond.

Current history has led the average man to believe that the Dawes plan was a huge and arduous undertaking. After reading "The Dawes Plan in the Making" by Rufus C. Dawes (Bobbs-Merrill), we freely admit that the plan bearing the name of the general who made inverted pipes famous is truly and magnificently involved. The book fairly teems with figures so prohibitively beyond the layman's conception (to wit: 216,600,000,000 — which we are told is the equivalent of the English debt in gold marks) that all one readily gets out of the work is an unbounded admiration for a group of men who could take sums of such magnitude, juggle them around, and arrive at any conclusion whatever without serious mental breakdown. Approximately two fifths of the book is made up of appendices. They serve two purposes: to explain the main text

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and to give the text of the Report of the Committee of Experts. Explanation of how such a gigantic undertaking is accomplished is much akin to the attempt on the part of a magician to show how his greatest feat of prestidigitation is achieved. We marvel at his dexterity, but gain little insight into his methods.

A brilliant and valuable addition to biographical literature dealing with the Irish Nationalist leader is St. John Ervine's "Parnell", second issue in the "Curiosities of Politics" series (Little, Brown) edited by Philip Guedalla. So felicitous is Mr. Ervine's treatment of the Parliamentarian's tragic life and work that it is difficult to conceive of a more nearly perfect relationship between an author and his materials than is here exemplified. Although adhering strictly throughout to the work's established sources, Mr. Ervine, by the masterly vividness of his prose, imbues the book with a dramatic intensity unsurpassed in either his novels or his plays.

"Mothers and Daughters" by Jessica G. Cosgrave (Doran) is a slender but intensely interesting volume that is going to prove of inestimable assistance to the mothers of small, growing, and grown girls alike. Out of a long career, not only as guide and counselor to the thousands of girls who passed through her hands in the Finch School, but also as the mother of a daughter, Mrs. Cosgrave has garnered much wisdom, and a profound understanding of all those new and peculiar problems that confront the parent of this half repetitious and half unprecedented generation. Fortified by that background, she takes courage to advise the mothers — yes, and the fathers, also — to know their daughters; to work not only for them but with them; to understand when to help them, and how, and when to trust them to help themselves. She believes that a healthy, simple, courageous childhood training is the best insurance against failure in life; and because she has probed the causes of many of the excesses allowed to present day youth, she can speak with confident authority on the most practical methods of wiping them out. Mrs. Cosgrave's book is a sane work, tending toward a return to simple paths which, as she says emphatically, will have to be deliberate.

The authentic story of the now almost forgotten "Peace Ship" is told at last, by Louis P. Lochner, secretary of the mission, in "Henry Ford, America's Don Quixote" (International). The surprising feature of the book is its revelation of the fact that the pilgrims actually did some very solid work toward the cause of peace. One remembers that the press of the time so buried the expedition with ridicule that nothing coherent could be learned of its activities abroad. Mr. Lochner has words of severe criticism for Mr. Ford, due largely to the latter's desertion of pacifism for practical patriotism on the eve of America's declaration of war. There is an hysterical preface by Maxim Gorki.

New York City as seen by a poet, the Kentucky countryside through the eyes of a New Yorker, and also some little philosophy of life and love — these are the elements in "Letters to a Lady in the Country, Together with her Replies", edited by Stuart P. Sherman (Scribner). If at times one finds Paul's letters to Caroline a bit long drawn out and preachy, their

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style is nevertheless good. And the contrast between the poet's colorful descriptions of the beauties of the city and the woman's appreciation, in spite of herself, of the southern country, is cleverly done. We are left in doubt as to how these two solve their difficulties: is this omission to pave the way for a sequel, one wonders? Although these letters might not hold the interest steadily through the whole book, there is no doubt that they are the sort that one would enjoy picking up from time to time.

"It is well, at each literary epoch, to go over in our minds and revive the ideas that are represented by certain names that have become sacramental, even if we change nothing in them, very much as in each new reign new coins are struck on which the effigy is renewed without altering the weight." So said Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve, speaking of Boileau. The sentence might have been the guide to Katharine P. Wormeley in preparing "Portraits of the Seventeenth Century" and "Portraits of the Eighteenth Century" (Putnam). The portraits were made by collating, combining, and translating various of Sainte-Beuve's "Causeries du Lundi", "Portraits de Femmes", and "Portraits Littéraires". To one not acquainted with the original (and it is for such that translations are written) the task seems well done. There are no evident seams to indicate where the essays were patched together, and the style preserves something of the movement and charm of the French. What the great critic of the last century had to say about the renowned ones of the two previous centuries is still good reading.

"Adventures in Understanding" (Doubleday, Page) by David Grayson (Ray Stannard Baker) is what might be termed a neatly turned out volume. Paper, type, pencil illustrations, end papers, binding, and jacket design all conspire to intrigue the book lover and the result is a credit to the bookmaker's art. Thomas Fogarty is responsible for the drawings; we hope that he and Mr. Grayson have established a permanent liaison. "Adventures in Understanding" are essays similar in character and import to the author's earlier "Adventures in Contentment" and "Adventures in Friendship". In the present volume he chronicles the adventures of a year in the city, away from the green acres and sweeping hillsides of his well loved Hempfield. "Adventures", he concludes, can be had in the city quite as well as in the country, and sometimes one does not have to go so far to find them. Mr. Grayson, like the great god Janus, has eyes both sides of his head, and if he sees something to write about in the whirling street life below his front window, the literary urge is upon him no less when he looks out on a tangle of cats and clothes lines and ailanthus trees in the back court. Although there is that in David Grayson's style which is a trifle spiritless and "muddy", and that in his point of view which strikes us at times as somewhat homely and complacent, we readily excuse him in deference to the genuine, satisfying quality which all his writing possesses.

In "Whither England?" (International) Leon Trotsky observes that a revolution is not made by an outsider by means of pamphlets. "Ideas of any kind may be effective only when they are based on the material conditions of social evolution. England is headed for revolution because she has already entered the stage of capitalist

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disintegration." The chief cause he finds in the growing influence of America and its capitalism, which is to render "more and more impossible and hopeless the situation of British industry, British trade, British finances, and British diplomacy". In the language of the "Daily Chronicle", "England is actually brought down to the level of a forty-ninth state of the United States." A subsidiary cause and an aggravating circumstance he finds in the pacifistic, conciliatory tactics of the present Labor Party, which both strengthen the self confidence of the owners of industry, and strain the patience of the workers. Paradoxically, then, "The longer the Fabians succeed in holding up the revolutionary development of England, the more ominous and dangerous will be the break."

Oscar King Davis, the veteran journalist, in his book of political reminiscences "Released for Publication" (Houghton Mifflin), writes from his experience of over twenty years' intimate friendship with the late Theodore Roosevelt. The volume is in fact a profoundly revealing and valuable history of the dynamic president's last two decades of governmental and political activity — 1898–1919. Lesser figures also enter into the pages, such men as Taft, Hiram Johnson, Charles E. Hughes, La Follette, with all of whom Mr. Davis, in his capacity of "Times" Washington correspondent and later as secretary of the Progressive National Committee, came frequently into close personal contact.

Writing with unquestionable authority and his customary outspokenness, Colonel William Mitchell, in "Winged Defense" (Putnam), outlines the present and future place of aeronautics in war and peace. Of course a considerable portion of the volume is devoted to a logical plea for the airplane as the dominant arm of our national defense. It is Colonel Mitchell's conviction that the development and maintenance of a vastly increased air force is the least costly, only adequate means of safeguarding our coast lines from attack. The book is persuasively written, incontestably sound and honest, but it is not calculated to expand its author's popularity with high departmental officials.

After a renewed acquaintance with George Santayana, one hesitates to pronounce the essay a lost art; his simplicity, his grace, his deftness of touch, clothe his ideas in a garment at once inviting and reassuring. There is in his philosophy the reaction of one who has led "the life of reason" tempered with an emotional response to both mental and physical environment. Furthermore, his medium is in all ways adapted to his urgent need for expression. In "Dialogues in Limbo" (Scribner) we find the "Spirit of a Stranger still living on earth" discoursing with the departed shades of Democritus, Alcibiades, Aristippus, Dionysius the Younger, Socrates, and Avicenna. This new approach to a discussion of abstract problems is happily conceived by the essayist, and we have a wealth of good conversation on men, morals and customs, philosophy, self government, philanthropy in its larger sense, and other kindred topics. Professor Santayana vigorously explores the classic storehouse, but there is little trace of mold or rust on what he brings to light.

"To reach a boy's head", writes A. E. Hamilton in his study of "The Real Boy and the New School" (Boni,

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Liveright), "we must speak to his heart first, for what the heart feels, the head will later understand." Apparently, in this wise observation, Mr. Hamilton has unconsciously paraphrased Pascal. His book, too, is imbued with some of the tolerant, questioning, deep felt spirit of the humanists. A provocative attitude that has somehow inserted itself in the broadly generalized and standardized methods of education, here, instead of accepting, tests vigorously the returns of the old theories. Mr. Hamilton's is the changing attitude — call it experimental if you will. At any rate he has not forgotten what it is to be a boy. Understanding of child psychology is to him the beginning of education. This book is his autobiography, recording his adventures and memorable experiences with youthful minds. It is stimulating, speculative, and engrossing to all interested in the welfare of children.

George A. Birmingham protests that his "A Wayfarer in Hungary" (Dutton) is not a guidebook, though it might easily squeeze into that category in spite of its rambling and discursive nature and its wit. This versatile Irishman seized an opportunity to go to Budapest as chaplain to the English community there and remained long enough to take an independent look at the country roundabout. Whether discoursing of his fondness for tea with rum, his passionate hatred of Tzigany bands, or the customs, costumes, amusements, art, and life of the Magyars, he is pleasantly unopinionated, sometimes to the point of throwing up his pen, so to speak. He never did find out why it is that Hungarian housewives beat every carpet they own every day, and as for political boundaries, he demands of the reader pointblank: "What is to be the future of a place like Estergom, where the town is in Hungary, its railway station in Czecho-Slovakia, and someone has blown up the bridge which leads from one to the other? How are Pecs and Szeged to get on?" Indeed, one cannot tell him, but one can see that he has the cause of Hungary's lost provinces at heart and an abiding belief that the map of Central Europe will be redrawn in the near future to Hungary's advantage. A companion volume, "A Wayfarer in Czecho-Slovakia" (Dutton) by E. I. Robson, should be read for further light upon postwar conditions. It is frankly intended for the tourist, and contains, in addition to practical advice, much lively description together with sound erudition against a background of history. Those who have courage are referred to Mr. Robson's list of Czech place names with German equivalents and his hints upon their pronunciation.

"A Virgin Heart" by Remy de Gourmont (Adelphi) reminds the reader in more ways than one of "A Young Girl's Diary", although it concerns the vagaries of a Mademoiselle instead of a Fräulein. The author claims to have written it "without hypocrisy", and we do not take issue with him. He further claims to have "attempted, by an analysis that knows no scruples, to reveal what may be called the seamy side of a 'virgin heart'". He has done well. To those who are interested in a discussion of the interplay of psychology and physiology, from a French point of view, the book is recommended. Translation is by Aldous Huxley.

During the recent war, the Queen of Roumania published every other week a "Chapter" describing some part of Roumania that had been captured, in order to show her affection for the

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country and to encourage its people. Fifteen thousand "ugly little volumes printed on war paper" were swiftly disposed of at that time. Now they appear with several postwar essays in "The Land that I Love" (Brentano). It is attractively illustrated by Elizabeth, Queen of Greece — then only seventeen — and possibly because the impressions were written under stress, the drawings carry part of the definiteness and vitality required. There is sincere feeling throughout the book. The simplicity and appeal in certain descriptive passages have the charm of a folk song, but not the strength, ruggedness, and directness. These qualities have been lost in an unsatisfactory sentimentality.

Professors John W. Cunliffe of Columbia and Grant Showerman of the University of Wisconsin have brought to an impressive conclusion in "Century Readings in Ancient Classical and Modern European Literature" (Century) one of those fairly monumental feats of editorship upon which busy teachers seem to flourish. The task of presenting in one book an anthological conspectus of the development of their subject from the earliest days to our own time — an enterprise that stands in no need of justification — has been accomplished by skilful selection and, on the material side, by making the volume a very large one. Professor Showerman, who edits the first half, manages to show specimens of more than a hundred of the Greek and Latin writers, from Homer to Boethius, in excellent translations including some of his own renditions of Horace and some hitherto unpublished work — notably William Ellery Leonard's Sapphic versions. Professor Cunliffe limits himself to some fifty six names in his section of mediæval and modern examples illustrating romance and saga, the revival of learning, the Renaissance, the French classical period, the romantic revival, and literary theory and criticism, from Sainte-Beuve to Croce. Besides Croce, Andreyev, Maeterlinck, Rolland, Gorki, and Brandes are the only living writers represented. Other volumes of "Century Readings" have dealt with English and American literature. The work is richly supplied with introductions, notes, and other paraphernalia for teaching. Altogether it would seem ungrateful not to regard these 1,156 pages of world masterpieces, given wholly or in part, as a treasure for anybody's shelves.

Richard Washburn Child, in "A Diplomat Looks at Europe" (Duffield), writes with engaging frankness of his three years' activity in the important rôle of ambassador to Italy. He gives hitherto unpublished interior views of the international conferences held during 1922 at Genoa and Lausanne, in which as chief American representative he enjoyed close contact with such masters of the European chessboard as Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, Rathenau, and Krassin. In the later and perhaps most stirring portions of the book, he relates his eye witness impressions of the Fascisti revolution, the bloodless taking of Rome under the leadership of the indomitable Mussolini, a statesman whom Mr. Child holds in high and sympathetic regard. The volume's concluding chapters are noteworthy for the sweeping unreserve and soundness of their author's opinions on international problems and relationships.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Recent conversations with two authors have proved stimulating to this reporter. One of them wrote a book which was acclaimed by all the critics as an artistic masterpiece. It was a much better book in every way than his first one had been, and that had sold a hundred thousand copies. "They have sold nine thousand copies so far", he said, "and the book has been out six months. There's no money in writing books any more." The other author writes only as a "side line", so to speak, being at the head of an extremely prosperous business. His books are seldom even mentioned by the literary critics. "I've just got a check for the first royalties on my new book", he said. "It's for a little more than five thousand dollars, and it's going strong all over the country." His book is running strong in the Monthly Score; the other is reported by a bare handful of librarians as being asked for at all. Which is merely another proof that the book borrowing public's taste in current literature, as reflected in these reports, is a fairly accurate index of the cash register value of any given work, whether or not it has any bearing upon literary qualities.

—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Keeper of the Bees	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	Glorious Apollo	*E. Barrington*	DODD
3.	Soundings	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
4.	The Perennial Bachelor*	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
5.	The Constant Nymph	*Margaret Kennedy*	DOUBLEDAY
6.	The Professor's House	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
7.	One Increasing Purpose*	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
8.	The Red Lamp	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
9.	The Green Hat	*Michael Arlen*	DORAN
10.	Little Ships*	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	Arrowsmith	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
12.	A Son of His Father	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON

GENERAL

1.	John Keats	*Amy Lowell*	HOUGHTON
2.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
3.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
4.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
5.	Twenty-five Years*	*Viscount Grey of Fallodon*	STOKES
6.	Anatole France, Himself	*Jean-Jacques Brousson*	LIPPINCOTT
7.	Mark Twain's Autobiography	*Samuel L. Clemens*	HARPER
8.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
9.	Twice Thirty	*Edward W. Bok*	SCRIBNER
10.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	Brigham Young	*M. R. Werner*	HARCOURT
12.	The Life of William Osler	*Harvey Cushing*	OXFORD

*This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

New Dostoyevsky Material — French Biographies — Léon Daudet — James Joyce Again — A Bold Experiment — "Peter the Czar" — The Psychology of the ex-Kaiser — The Russian "Cheka"

ADMIRERS of Dostoyevsky will be interested in the recent publication in Paris of an important series of articles by him which, we are told, had not previously been translated into either English or French. These four essays, issued under the title "Le Bourgeois de Paris", originally appeared in the second and third issues of "Vremia", a magazine published in 1863. They formed the latter half of a series entitled "Remarques écrites en hiver sur des impressions d'été". The first part of the series, which the translator, N. Guterman, has omitted, was largely devoted to notes on Russian politics and literature of the period. Dostoyevsky's articles summarize impressions of London and Paris during his two and a half months' trip in western Europe.

In a somewhat meagre preface the translator points out the extent to which these impressions affected the novelist's attitude toward occidental society and social customs, and his belief that they were incompatible with the Russian temperament. Dostoyevsky here appears as a severe and sarcastic critic. His descriptions of London, where he spent a week, are far from flattering, and he draws a savagely ironic picture of the morality and idealism to be found among the French bourgeoisie. As an observer he suffers from a certain credulousness, being willing to form conclusions on second hand evidence; but when writing of what he has actually noticed himself, he is distinctly entertaining. National characteristics change slowly, a fact which makes much of what Dostoyevsky wrote — for instance his observations on the French society drama or the Parisian's attitude toward politics and politicians — as true today as it was sixty years ago.

* * * *

Varied indeed is the output of Paris publishers who supply the ever growing demand for biographies. Every week sees fresh additions to the list of books which record, more or less faithfully, the lives and adventures of famous and infamous personalities of the past. I shall not venture to estimate to which category belong the heroes and heroines of the volumes under survey.

From the literary point of view, the Life of the Duc de Morny, by Marcel Boulanger, is one of the most notable biographical works which have appeared this year. Marcel Boulanger has earned a well deserved place for himself among authors who write with distinction. His books are proving especially popular now that everything to do with that Second Empire which Morny did so much to establish has become the fashion. Morny's enigmatic personality, his social and political prominence, the part he played as dandy and patron of the arts, are some of the aspects of his subject which Boulanger has skilfully developed.

As contrast — or antidote — to the tortuous intrigues and sophisticated

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atmosphere of the Court of the Tuileries we can turn to the wild experiences of that Canadian halfbreed, Louis Riel, who almost changed the course of history of the great northwest. M. Constantin-Weyer's book, "La Bourrasque", is likely to arouse a good deal of controversy. Readers who are not especially interested in the political issues involved will appreciate the heroic quality of his narrative. Here, as in his earlier volume, "Manitoba", Constantin-Weyer proves his ability in vivid, dramatic narration and admirable descriptions.

Following his successful book on the gay Ninon de Lenclos and her circle, Emile Magne now presents an equally admirable portrait of Madame de Lafayette. While her romance, "La Princess de Clèves", is known to all students of French literature, marking as it does the beginning of a new era in French fiction, critics and historians seem to have neglected the personality of the author. Emile Magne repairs this oversight. At the same time he draws a vivid picture of literary life during the middle and latter half of the seventeenth century. His new book will appeal to both the student and the general reader.

Not even the most imaginative of novelists would attempt to invent so wildly improbable a tale as the sober facts related in "Aurélie Tedjani, Princesse des Sables". How Aurélie Picard, daughter of a gendarme at Montegny-le-Roi in the department of the Haute Marne, came to marry two great Arab chieftains, and later to preside over the destinies of a powerful Mohammedan religious association, is yet another bewildering proof of the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. Marthe Bassenne, who records this fantastic odyssey, tells her story well. She has met and talked with her heroine as well as traveled through the region where the latter exercised her strange authority for so many years. Incidentally, her volume presents some interesting sidelights on the methods of pacific penetration which have attached Algeria so firmly to France.

* * * *

Readers of Léon Daudet's "Mémoires", a translation of which is appearing in America, will not have forgotten his vivid, and frequently vitriolic, comments on the men of letters with whom he came in contact. Now, abandoning for a while the political arena, Daudet gives us again his impressions of certain contemporary authors and their works. This slender volume, "Le Roman et les Nouveaux Ecrivains", should prove all the more interesting to the Anglo-Saxon public on account of the fact that many of the volumes mentioned have scored notable successes in England and America. Among these one may mention Paul Morand's "Ouvert la Nuit", Louis Hémon's "Maria Chapdelaine", and Marcel Proust's novels. Daudet knew Proust intimately, and in his tribute to the memory of the author of "Du Côté de chez Swann" he strikes a note of genuine emotion. The articles included in the volume appeared first in the columns of the newspaper "L'Action Française" of which Léon Daudet is editor. In spite of their informality — they make no pretense to final, authoritative judgment on the author under discussion — they possess that intense vitality and that vigorous aggressiveness one finds in everything Daudet writes.

* * * *

Once again James Joyce is in the limelight. A fragment from the book at which he is working was to have appeared in a recent number of the London magazine "The Calendar". Upon

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examining the text the printers decided that to print it would be to incur the risk of prosecution. The author was asked by the editors of the magazine to modify certain passages, and bowdlerize his vocabulary. He declined. The manuscript was returned to him. French publishers are notoriously indifferent to Mrs. Grundy (especially if the text is English), and the condemned material speedily found its way into print, appearing in the October number of "Le Navire d'Argent". The latter, perhaps the most brilliant of the advanced literary reviews published in Paris, is issued by Adrienne Monnier, the good friend of contemporary French letters, from her bookshop and circulating library, in the rue de l'Odéon, just opposite the premises from which "Ulysses" first emerged. What the native subscribers to the "Navire" may have thought about Joyce's prose is not on record. Perhaps they wished Mademoiselle Monnier had followed the example of that English publisher who added a vocabulary to his edition of Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt". The following extracts from this new work by Joyce certainly seem to indicate that a glossary and complete set of notes would be welcomed by the ordinary reader, not that any disciple of the creator of Stephen Dedalus and Mr. Bloom would ever think of himself as an "ordinary reader".

That done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, and she sent her boudeloire maid to His Affluence with respecks from his missus, seepy and sewery, and a request she might leave him for a minnikin.

Sweet umptyum and nobody fainted. But in whelk of her mouths? Was her naze alight? Everyone that saw her said the dowse little delia looked a bit queer. Lotsy trosty, mind the poddle.

Nooknoorum nyroo! Nooknoorum nyroo! He erned his lille Bunbath hard, our staly bred, the trader. He did. Look at here.

Ah, but she was the queer old skeowsha anyhow, Anna Livia, twinkletoes And sure he was the queer old buntz too, Dear Dirty Dumpling, foostherfather. of fingalls and dotthergills.

* * * *

Final judgment on the literature of any period is one of the privileges of posterity. Contemporary criticism is notoriously fallible. Yet this does not detract from the interest of the recent bold experiment of the "Progrès Civique", which has published a number of characteristic extracts from the work of French writers of the modern school, and has asked readers to answer honestly these two questions: "Do you understand this?" "Do you like this?" Authors whose work comes up for judgment in this way include Marcel Proust, Jean Cocteau, Georges Duhamel, Paul Claudel, and Jules Romains. The result of the investigation has shown that the majority of readers are definitely opposed to the modern literary movement. This is especially significant, since the "Progrès Civique" is a serious, intellectual review. But it is as well to remember that in the history of literature there always has been considerable contemporary hostility to many works of art which subsequently became classics.

* * * *

The success of E. Barrington's novels, "The Divine Lady" and "Glorious Apollo", will probably encourage the production of other fictional presentations of famous characters in history. Meanwhile, there comes from Berlin a curiously dramatic little novel by "Klabund", which, as the title indicates — "Peter the Czar" — has for its subject the career of Peter the Great. It is exciting, even sensational, and gives a vivid picture of the greatest figure in modern prewar Russia, his ruthless personality and barbaric tempera-

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ment. A translation of the book, by Herman George Scheffauer, is published in New York by Putnam's.

* * * *

We are always being assured that war books are moribund, if not completely dead. Yet popular interest in the history and personalities of the war period cannot be so negligible, for every country continues to produce notable books on the subject. One of the best sellers of the German publishing season has been Professor Emil Ludwig's study of the ex-Kaiser. His "William the Second" (Ernest Rowohlt, Berlin) is a psychological interpretation of the ex-Kaiser's character. Professor Ludwig will be remembered for his earlier remarkable books on Napoleon, Bismarck, and Frederick the Great. In "William the Second" he traces the origin of the Hohenzollern tragedy back to William's childhood when, as a delicate boy, deprived by an accident of birth of the use of one arm, he was compelled to pretend that his withered arm was normal. At first his instinct rebelled against this self hypocrisy; the memory of six years' futile electrical torture was no doubt too vivid a reminder. But the Hohenzollern discipline prevailed, and in the loveless atmosphere of the imperial household (his mother's partiality for his younger brother Henry is well known) it is not difficult to follow Professor Ludwig's theory that the ex-Kaiser, striving to overcome his natural disabilities and thereby enduring mental and physical suffering, rapidly developed into a nervous wreck. Pretense became second nature, and play-acting reality.

The political history of the tragic reign has been told before, but Professor Ludwig has skilfully avoided the merely documentary aspect and has stressed the human note.

The Russian "Cheka" is an institution with which newspaper readers will no doubt be vaguely familiar. It has been differently represented as merely a criminal investigation department of the ordinary Russian police force, and as a mysterious and sinister institution, with the secrecy and power of the Holy Inquisition or the Ku Klux Klan. We now have, under the auspices of the "Frankfurter Zeitung", a first hand record of an expert observer's experiences. "Tscheka" (Frankfurter Societäts-Druckerei) is the work of Herr Georg Popoff. He gives first an outline of the formation and development of the Cheka. He describes how he was arrested and imprisoned and records his subsequent conversations with other prisoners. His cross examination, his eventual release and attempted recapture, are set down in detail. Herr Popoff's story amply justifies his claim that the power of the Cheka exceeds even that of the Ochkrana — that most notorious of all scandals under the Czarist régime. His experiences leave him no alternative but to conclude that the Soviet claim to have abolished past evils is completely negatived by the present methods and prolongation of the Cheka.

* * * *

Emile Cammaerts has written a book called "The Poetry of Nonsense". . . . Cécile Sorel, the famous French actress of the Comédie-Française, is the author of a book about the amours of her eighteenth century predecessor in the same company, Adrienne Lecouvreur. . . . A collection of M. Clemenceau's witty sayings and stories is published in book form. . . . M. Maurice Paléologue, who was the last French Ambassador to the Russian Court, and whose memoirs are nearing completion, is reported to be writing on Cavour.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR MR. FARRAR:

The comparative statistics of book sales in European countries and in the United States, as given by Jesse Lee Bennett in the October BOOKMAN, interested me and tempted me to make a few observations of my own.

Coming back to America after almost two years on the Continent I was struck by the scarcity of bookshops over here. Now, I shan't speak of France, for every American was in Paris last summer anyway, and knows all about France, but in Italy bookshops are as common as fruit-stands. Second hand bookstalls appear every morning on the jutting out foundations of old palaces, and venders go through the streets with pushcarts piled high with books. These transient shops are interesting to the bargain hunter; on one of them I picked up a charming edition of the "Decameron" in five little fat volumes printed about a hundred years ago.

Shops selling modern and new books are just as ubiquitous and many of them specialize, carrying only books on philosophy, theology, or the fine arts, etc. The traveler is bound to notice the very large assortment of books in the stalls of even the smallest railway station. There, as here, one may find the "penny dreadfuls", but also a surprising number of good books: essays, criticism, and the better class of novels.

The one great difference between the physical aspect of the Continental books and those published over here is that practically all European — particularly French and Italian — books are sold unbound. Bound books are considered editions de luxe. In this way the market is open to the reader with the small purse. Also, if a book is merely casual or "light" reading, there is no need to pay for a rather expensive cover. If one wishes to preserve the book one takes it to a bookbinder. This is rather fun, as it gives an opportunity to indulge the individual fancy. My volumes of d'Annunzio's poems, for instance, are bound in a black paper patterned with purple wistaria. Salvatore di Giacomo's verse has a cover of scarlet and blue and gold that tries to be as vivid as the Neapolitan passions the verses depict. And Papini is bound in red — for violence, of course.

This scheme is very practicable in Italy, where one may find bookbinders as well as booksellers on every street. Over here, where our fury for standardization has almost demolished the individual craftsman, it probably would present difficulties. There might be something worthy of consideration, however, in this idea of editions unbound and on cheaper paper. It might not whet immediately America's appetite for literature, but it might make America's book allowance go further.

Again, apropos of "America Has a Book!" — then how come she didn't send it to the International Book Fair at Florence last spring? Was she ignorant or indifferent? The fair was an excellent réclame for both authors and publishers. There were unbound books by thousands and special editions which, in the sheer beauty of their binding and printing, were notable examples of the publisher's art. The exhibits of Italy, France, Great Britain, and Germany were the most important, but war impoverished and smaller countries such as Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland — yes, and even Siam, had splendid exhibits. After that one was surprised to see our rich United States represented by four or five railway pamphlets. No exhibit whatever would have been so much better. Our Italian friends kept questioning: "But they do publish books in the United States; they do read books there, don't they?"

Yours faithfully,

RUTH WALKER.

DEAR SIR:

In the October issue of THE BOOKMAN I was interested in a letter from Muriel Hine and her personal recollections of Mr. Dodgson, otherwise Lewis Carroll. The writer evidently lived in the country whereas we lived in Oxford, my father being Master of University College. The era was that of "the glorious Seventies", which produced or merely harbored so many men great, or destined to be great.

As Miss Hine implies, Mr. Dodgson was tagged as a woman hater and a child lover. With certain reservations the tag fitted well enough. Yet as a very shy and absurdly unsophisticated young girl I continue forever grateful in retrospect for his kindness to me at one of the first of my Oxford dinner parties. His disgust at the fate which made him the dinner partner of a girl was no doubt mitigated by the quickly revealed fact of my youth, diffidence, and inexperience, and equally undoubtedly he placed

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me in the fortunate category of THE CHILD. Therefore he unbent entirely, drew me out on subjects with which he considered I ought to be familiar, judging by my home and social surroundings, beginning with lighter subjects such as Ghosts, and Spirits in general. An Oxford dinner party, by-the-bye, was no eating Fest, but primarily a Feast of Reason and a Flow of Soul, and I speedily learned to appreciate this fact. In short it was somewhat of a privilege for a young girl to be invited to these affairs, especially as she was pretty sure to have on one or both sides of her at table some man very much worthwhile. How much Youth loses by consorting solely and only with Youth is a matter not worthy of consideration in these days, of course. Nevertheless the ambitious girl of the despised mid-Victorian age learned what no school or college course could possibly impart. At this point I may mention the existence of a Woman's College at Oxford even in my day; also that lectures for women, or for mixed audiences, were common enough. Despite the really comical strictures of the unhappy mid-Victorian Girl by a modern female educator, whose imagination serves her in lieu of personal experience, the women and girls of my generation actually mastered not merely the three R's, but many quite abstruse subjects as well.

To return to Mr. Dodgson. After disposing of his own ghostly visitors, all alike finally reduced to materialism, and of other more important matters, he asked before we parted whether we had not some pretty and attractive children in our home. He had heard something to this effect. Would I not ask my mother to permit me to bring these children to his college rooms for tea and stories some afternoon soon? Naturally the permission was readily accorded (so much for the inevitable chaperone of Victorian days!), and the tea party took place at an early date. Mr. Dodgson's absentmindedness, poignantly alluded to by Miss Hine, was fortunately conspicuous by its absence, and delicious cakes and cream and yet more delicious stories were enjoyed by the grown girl as well as by the children. But it was the children's hour, and the girl kept discreetly in the background — more or less. For this discretion the reward was a repetition of the Child Party.

Much could be told by an Oxford resident, whose parents were old friends of the Dean of Christchurch and his family, of the original of Alice in Wonderland, but let that pass. But may I suggest that, as I recall it, the book was more popular with grown ups than with children?

Sincerely yours,

EDITH NICHOLL LEWIS.

DEAR SIR:

In a recent number of THE BOOKMAN there is a comment on John L. Sullivan, stating that he was a bully. Was not pretty near everyone he fought the same? When I first saw John L. Sullivan I was not favorably impressed by his appearance, in fact Paddy Ryan was much the better looking physical type. Paddy Ryan and Eugene Sandow were undoubtedly the finest physical types who ever lived. As far as I can see, however, John L. Sullivan was no more of a bully in proportion to his achievements than most any other fighter of prominence. After his defeat Sullivan aged rapidly and evidently was a changed man; all the bullyism having been taken out of him.

A. SCALES.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

AS I write today there comes word of Kipling's serious illness. By the time this is published I hope that he will be out of danger. He is not an old man; his sixtieth birthday falls on the thirtieth of December. Great poet, great writer for children and for grown folk, he stands as a rugged and empirical figure in a generation which at times seems to become puerile in the face of his sturdy poetry and prose. Do you remember the first time you read the Jungle books or "The Brushwood Boy"? If, occasionally, you weary of "Gunga Din", look back and think what a stirring ballad it was the first time you heard it. "If" is a propaganda poem to be sure — but what finely phrased and conceived propaganda. Turn back to "Kim" and to that astonishing story, "Wireless". How well I remember Chauncey Brewster Tinker's reading of "The Eve of St. Agnes" in connection with "Wireless" to students at Yale. Try that combination some time. It is a thrilling one.

The two most painful introductions I have ever heard from any platform were made at Book Fairs. One came when a man introduced me, after hours of vituperation against "Three Soldiers", with some such remark as this: "Well, here's the man who was responsible for this terrible thing!" The other occurred when Anne Parrish, who had been promised that she would not have to speak, suddenly found words somewhat like the following being spoken: "Miss Anne Parrish, author of the best seller 'The Perennial Bachelor', has been charming enough to come tonight. She says that she cannot speak, but she is so very beautiful that surely she will stand up so that we can all see her." Poor Mrs. Corliss — she acquitted herself with poise in a most difficult situation, and now I shall embarrass her further by saying that the dear lady who made the introduction was perfectly justified in her naive remarks. Anne Parrish is charming in every way. The columnists have again been up to their little tricks, and Broun's publication of a letter pointing out similarities between "The Perennial Bachelor" and the work of Katherine Mansfield was preposterous. If things go on as they are, I should think people would scarcely care to continue writing books. No charge of plagiarism seems to me to be justified unless it is obviously and flagrantly *plagiarism.* A poet may steal from his own subconscious whole lines of poetry of another poet. If he uses them well, it seems to me he is perfectly justified. In the case of "The Perennial Bachelor", the comparison is totally absurd. If Anne Parrish had used whole paragraphs from Katherine Mansfield — and she most certainly didn't — she would not have done it consciously; for she is a clever, original, and highly sensitive writer. When you accuse her of anything but the most artistic intentions you are guilty either of gross stupidity or of pique — or at least laying yourself open to a charge of pique. "Why should people be so unkind?" Mrs. Corliss might well say — and there is only one answer: "You are remarkably successful, and that, dear lady, is the unpardonable sin." Hugh Lofting, a gentle, quiet author,

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happened to be present on that same evening. He read from "Dr. Dolittle", with its quaint humor, and enunciated certain doctrines of internationalism which sounded most splendid. Whenever anyone preaches universal peace I always have a sinking feeling. It is fine to know that there are still enough people in the world who really believe that mankind is capable of universal brotherhood. B. W. Huebsch is an urbane speaker. He delivered the opinion that there are not enough publishers in America, and I found myself a little disturbed at the thought of having many more than there are already. However, we agree about many things, so it seems beside the point to quarrel with him in these pages which are supposed to be dedicated to matter far from acidulous. A party I should have liked to attend was the one where Floyd Dell, Elinor Wylie, and William Rose Benét chanted Shelley's odes in unison. How many people in the world are there, I wonder, who would know enough of Shelley's odes (they also took a turn at Keats and Francis Thompson) to chant them in unison or any other way?

One of the most luxurious of the Christmas books is the anthology of drinking songs edited by Cameron Rogers, decorated by Edward A. Wilson, prefaced by those convivials Don Marquis and Christopher Morley. Like Mr. Wilson's "Iron Men and Wooden Ships", it is filled with quaint and beautiful designs. Here are found rousing songs and poems by rousing souls such as William Makepeace Thackeray, John Masefield, John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and many another whose delight is not in prohibition. Mr. Marquis's preface is positively pathetic. He admits that he is on the way to becoming a prohibitionist, that he is already a teetotaler (practically). He says, among other things, "Maybe I shall go over all my old writings in praise of liquor

From "Full and By"

and carefully strike out all reference to alcohol and insert lines in praise of Coca Cola and chocolate sodas instead." This will be welcome news to the outlying districts which may have conceived of the author of "The Old Soak" as a person of bibulous habits. We heartily recommend to all former drinkers a five o'clock "frosted chocolate". It is fully as revivatory as a cocktail and is far more sustaining than tea.

From London come the St. Loe Stracheys, charming and distinguished. Leonard Merrick is still here and has been seen in the company of Arthur Bartlett Maurice (about to start on an honest to goodness trip around the world), or again with Dr. Clifford Smyth of "The International Book Review". Sherwood Anderson was glimpsed with Henry Canby. Sherwood still wears the tie ring studded with garnets that so caught my fancy in Indianapolis last year. He does not change a bit from year to year. Nor does Theodore Dreiser, who spent the

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afternoon lately with another novelist friend and is apparently still rewriting his long promised "An American Tragedy". Irving Bacheller was in New York City recently, and another novelist of the old school, Winston Churchill, delivered himself of a tirade against modern publishers as he took a steamer to sail away to Bermuda. Mr. Churchill's reasoning was a bit difficult to follow. And the whole matter is one which I hope to discuss later in other columns of this magazine. Isn't it a dangerous thing to utter pronunciamentos just as one leaves one's native land? Think of all the time that elapses before a man gets another chance at the reporters; and meanwhile, how many columnists and editorial writers may lash and worry and have a grand time over the remains. An Englishman who has come over for a lengthy stay is Edward Davison, who is both lecturing and instructing various circles — I was about to write "circlets", which seems to me a rather good though accidental name for women's study clubs. Davison is a good poet and critic, and at a very early age has proved a successful editor in London. Like many of the younger English writers, he seems to fit into the New York whirl with complete aplomb. Noel Coward, for example, with his nervous distraction, may be seen almost anywhere, if you are in the habit of going to those places. He told me of days at Cambridge, with Rupert Brooke and others. Speaking of Rupert Brooke and undergraduate days reminds me that "Harper's Magazine" has just offered several prizes for undergraduate writers. It occurs to me that most undergraduate writers of note I have known are so dilatory and so temperamental that they never send anything anywhere — which may mean that "Harper's" contest does not draw. On the other hand, it may prove an inspiration to the youth of the country at large.

The new popular edition of Stevenson's work at ninety cents the volume was a worthy effort in publishing. This "South Seas Edition" makes it possible for anyone to have a complete collection of that favorite author's work. As I reread some of it the other evening, I was astonished to find how well I really like much of his poetry besides the children's verses. It had not, until then, seemed to me so memorable. For example, in "Songs of Travel" is one of the loveliest of lyrics — a lyric that is chock full of sentiment but does not seem to me to be sentimental:

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Our fashion editor contributes some random thoughts:

Recently I abandoned my kitchenette and a rotisserie chicken for the luxury of shashlik, and tea in red hot glasses, at the Russian Bear, that inexpensive yet picturesque restaurant on lower Second Avenue, where one may indulge one's moodiness or else talk while Russians in colorful blouses play their balalaikas. This has been Rus-

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sian Week in my life, for, after the dress rehearsal of that ill fated play "Me", produced by a courageous young friend, my amiable escort, pulling his velour hat down in the manner of Morris Gest, took me to the Russian Swan, where I was comforted after a harassing two hours at the theatre. To Arthur Kober's credit, let it do down in history that for the first time in my life I felt my scalp congeal, and that between acts I smoked package after package of Camels in my excitement. The composed Arthur stamped bravely up and down the aisles, but Henry Myers, the author of the play, remained quietly at the back of the house. I hope the fate of this badly acted play does not discourage an honest producer and a talented playwright. An enchanting trio at the Russian Swan sing as you lean back against the cushioned seats and look into the lifted, beautiful face of what must be a Russian flapper. Her voice, coming from the next room, will deceive you into thinking it is a man's. When she is not lamenting, her body, wrapped in a red shawl, is gaily swaying from the great basso on her right toward the small tenor who accompanies them. And now that I have overwritten even "Lipstick" of "The New Yorker", who discovered the Valley View Farms Inn long after I had dined there and petted the dogs, I feel justified in complaining about George Chappell's "The Restaurants of New York", a list I might have compiled myself from my meagre experiences about town. Avidly, awaiting dinner in "Mrs. Busby's", a southern restaurant of much charm and of good food, I read Mr. Chappell's guidebook — and put it aside with tears. He hadn't even mentioned the B & G Sandwich Shop on Fifty Ninth Street, where I once watched the seagoing Will Cuppy eat pie until he burst, and where innumerable cups of coffee can be consumed for the asking. I suspect Mr. Chappell of cheating: perhaps he is a connoisseur after all but does not want sightseers to clutter up his favorite haunts. I shall not answer questions concerning "tables for two" or, as Corey Ford would say, even three, although I do know where the best Turkish coffee can be procured — which is at the Waldorf! THE BOOKMAN, we announce, does not run a Night Club Service, although the editor and his assistants do very well indeed, considering their ages.

I have always maintained that when I am washed up on that well known desert isle to which each of us is permitted to carry the book of his choice, the waves will bear along with me an unabridged dictionary. (I refuse to name the make, so let each rival dictionary maker take the compliment to himself.) Lately, however, I have begun to weaken, physically as well as mentally, at thought of the tome's bulk. And so I have cast about for a substitute, since I am resolved not to let shipwreck find me unprepared. In the midst of my perplexity along comes "Crowell's Handbook for Readers and Writers", described as "a dictionary of famous characters and plots in legend, fiction, drama, opera and poetry, together with dates and principal works of important authors, literary and journalistic terms, and familiar allusions". Since the island is unlikely to be equipped with cross word puzzles, perhaps the handbook will suffice in place of a complete dictionary. I do think, however, that such allusions as "Barney Google", "Spark Plug", "Andy Gump", etc., might have been omitted in favor of more important national figures. But possibly these worthies are destined to become classics. For more historically minded readers I suggest, as desert island fare, our old friend Duruy's "General History of the World", which has now been brought down to January 1, 1925, in one compact volume. But possibly you are engaged in enjoying the pleasures of this life, storing up romantic memories against that period of solitude. And possibly one of your means of diversion is the opera. Then take unto yourself "Behind the Scenes at the Opera" by Mary Fitch Watkins. If you followed the Gossip Shop's recommendation last year to read Miss Watkins's wise and humorous "First Aid to the Opera-goer" you will need no further urging. And whether or not you live within the radius of the Metropolitan, you will find it thoroughly entertaining.

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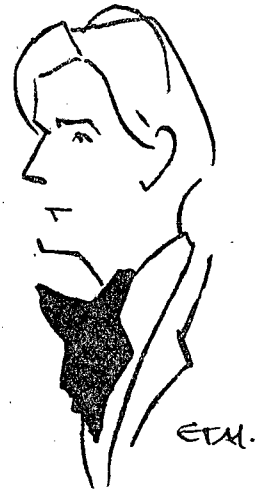
Book Week at Wanamaker's in New York this year was in charge of "The Saturday Review of Literature". Apparently it was highly successful. I went down one day to act as chairman, a most amusing thing to do, I assure you. They put you out on a large platform, where you take your seat. Then there are thrust at you from behind a curtain little pieces of paper which bear a name — "Nathalia Crane" perhaps. After the name will be a list of books. One is never quite sure beforehand who will turn up, so this method is necessary. It has alarming results, however. You rise, with the piece of paper concealed or not, according to your mood and the mood of the audience. You try to make a little joke, or a graceful remark about the author who will presently emerge from behind the arras. It may quite easily chance that you have never heard of him or of her. You may say, "This beautiful and charming lady" — and the lady who appears may prove anything but beautiful or charming. It is a fine game of chance, with a thrill in every moment. One kindly novelist whose name I had read from the paper turned on me and said, "Of course, you have never heard of me, Mr. Speaker — and my name isn't that at all — but — " What a moment! Like a whip I had him — for by some remote chance I remembered the title of his book which had *not* been on the paper. Mrs. Crane was there, with little Nathalia, who made most charming curtsies to the audience, and read her poems in a curiously monotonous but pleasant manner. She seems a shy and unspoiled young lady, in spite of the strictures of Mr. Markham and the plaudits of the public. Both she and Elinor Wylie read poems about red headed lovers, which was encouraging to the Chair. There were barber shop ballads interpreted by the Ritz Quartet, ushered in by Sigmund Spaeth with unction and dispatch. Clement Wood, the poet-novelist, who has recently published a new story, "Folly", compromised by singing Negro spirituals. When he started to sing them a few years ago he could neither play nor sing — now he has developed a method and a manner really quite extraordinary, and performs with relish and real talent. I doubt if there is anything that the facile Mr. Wood could not learn to do. John Macy, with his swishing hair and his flowing tie, did not appear that day, but another. He has now disposed of the history of world literature and feels much easier about life in general. A most useful book, that one of his, especially for anyone who needs a quick and easy method to a cultural background. Joseph Auslander, himself a poet of note, read Cyrano's satirical speech on poets and brought down the house. This reminded me that I should remind you every now and again that



John Macy

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Brian Hooker's translation of Rostand's play is one of the finest pieces of poetry drama in our language. Have you ever read it? How about "Cyrano" in modern dress? It would hardly do, would it? Brian Hooker is a constant pool player. I don't know enough about the game to know how bad he may be at it; but he looks o.k. The other noon I stopped to watch him a moment with Brander Matthews, who was discussing a current play or two with Ashley Dukes just before that critic-playwright sailed back to England. Mr. Matthews was saying that theatrical matters, as always, seemed to him the most absorbing in life — and, I added reflectively and with sad memories, the most disturbing.

Christopher Robin must be a very proud lad by now. He has books of songs about him, books of poems, books of prose, and now a very lovely Christmas card edition of his father's poem, "Vespers". What do you suppose Christopher Robin will grow up to be? I hope, anyhow, that he will play a good game of golf — for his sake! Do you remember "Vespers", with its lovely final stanza:

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed.
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

News of James Norman Hall, in response to a request from Grace Bixby, comes floating in from all over the country. Chief in the news seems to be the fact that the young writer of South Sea adventure is married. Nora B. Kinsley, a Pen Woman, of Sheridan, Wyoming, writes as follows:

Again James Norman Hall has been guilty of doing the unexpected. Some of his friends, at least, had their "ears pricked" for an announcement some fine day that he had captured a South Sea Island princess for his bride and won a principality as a wedding gift. But he did no such thing. Instead we have the recent news that on September 15, 1925, at Papeete, Tahiti, Society Islands, there took place the marriage of Miss Sarah Winchester and Captain James Norman Hall. Following the civil ceremony of the French officiate, the wedding ceremony was performed at the French Protestant Church.

Mrs. Hall is the daughter of the late Captain Winchester of the British Army and has been a resident of the Society Islands for several years. She has become an accomplished linguist in the native tongue.

Mr. Hall has spent much of his time in the Islands since the close of his spectacular and amazing World War career. And some of his best stories have had the Islands as their inspiration and setting. The Halls will continue to reside in Papeete.

John Drury, of Chicago, once of the famous Marshall Field Book Section, writes me that he is at work again as a reporter of night police courts, after a more or less hit or miss trip around the world — or partly around, anyway. Drury's new book of poetry is to appear shortly from the presses of a Chicago publisher. William McFee tells me that he and Christopher Morley, and possibly Don Marquis, are soon to go on a trip to that famed middle western town to speak before the Modern Language Association. The irrepressible Mac insisted that he wanted to make his speech on modern bad language; but that didn't seem advisable, since all the members of the Association may not have been educated in the school of "What Price Glory?" Mr. McFee further tells me that the young gentleman to whom he wrote his last letter of advice has not deigned to reply, which only goes to prove how generally ungracious young gentlemen usually are. I have urged him for a long time to write me a letter titled "To a Young Gentleman Contemplating Marriage". But for some reason or other he refuses. McFee is work-

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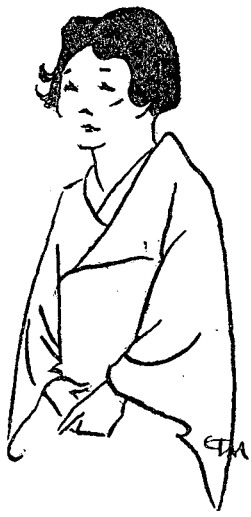
ing for the most part now on short fiction, which he says he finds most pleasant to write. Other authors of sea fiction flourish. Arthur Mason writes us from Paris that he plans to return soon to America. Gordon Young, of Los Angeles, says that he plans never to come to New York City, and has turned from the sea for a time to indulge in stories of the west somewhat like his "Days of '49". The fad of going to sea indulged in for a time by all young writers seems to have changed now to going to Paris. I meant to ask Mr. McFee which he thought was the healthier, although the answer seems fairly obvious. Dave Carter, that Yale poet, who has insisted for a year now in flying about from Algiers to France, then off to Samarkand, has finally returned to New York, looking rather more like a poet and less like a Yale man, which may be the consummation he is devoutly seeking. I don't know. Charles Norman, having published a magnificent little volume of sea poetry, has left for Paris. Another young American poet has turned press agent for "Artists and Models (Paris Edition)", which, so far as I know, may very well amount to the same thing. Lady poets travel also. Marjorie Allen Seiffert has come on from Moline, Illinois. I am always reminded, when I meet anyone from Moline or Davenport, what a frightfully literary couple of towns they must be. From there came Floyd Dell and George Cram Cook, from there came Dwight Wiman, and many others. Sometimes it seems as if everyone came from the middle west — or Vermont, of course.

Multitudinous were the Book Fairs this season, and among them, that at the National Arts Club. Here was Channing Pollock, as usual knowing just how to reach and hold an audience. Mr. Pollock is speaking constantly these days. I forget how many hundreds of speeches he told me he had made in his campaign to get the public going to see his "The Enemy": the public, that is, which does not ordinarily attend the theatre. I believe Mr. Pollock is thoroughly justified in the campaigns he makes for his plays. They are plays which after all preach sermons. They are excellent sermons. He is, in a sense, the Moody and Sankey of the theatre. Why not? What a dynamic person he is. He was followed shortly after on the program by the dainty and slight voiced Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto, a Japanese lady now teaching at Columbia University, who has written for our edification a volume called "A Daughter of the Samurai". She explained why it was that she, who by nature and training was supposed to be the most retiring of creatures — a Japanese woman — should break her retirement so far as to tell of her own life. Her first ex-



Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto

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perience of American ideas of Japan, she told us, came when a lady in Cincinnati took her to a performance of "The Mikado". "What country is this?" she asked. Sadly misunderstood, she feels, are her native country and its women. Hence — the book! John Martin of the famous children's magazine acted out a pantomime all by himself, whereupon Dr. Joseph Collins arose and discoursed upon America as a nation of adult infants. The effect was a dramatic one. Merle Crowell, editor of "The American Magazine", was the chairman of the evening, ably assisted by George Brett, Jr. Mr. Crowell understands his America and Americans with intuition and a will. He is precise in his judgments and an able editor for the masses. It is good to hear, by the way, that under its new editorship, with Grant Overton presiding over fiction, "Collier's Weekly" is forging rapidly ahead once more. I find it always readable, and often more than that. Mr. Overton has adopted the idea of having each month one very short story. He is apparently attempting to bring back the dramatic sketch form. There is, in my opinion, no more delightful method of presenting a character or a scene than this. The short story form itself has always seemed to me forced, and to require as a rule a plot too carefully manufactured. The sketch, although more confined, is more freely flowing.

The first prize in the children's essay contest goes to Christina Higginbotham of South Orange, New Jersey; the second to Loraine Fielding of Stamford, Connecticut. The other prize winners are Polly Black, Washington, D. C.; Justine Bailey, Brooklyn, New York; Katherine Hawes, Washington, D. C.; Elizabeth Sherry, Troy, New York; Janet Kohn, Lincoln, Nebraska; Janet Coffeen, Troy, New York; Paul Fischer, Montclair, New Jersey; Vivian J. Flaherty, Modesto, California. Honorable mention is awarded the following contestants whose essays, though deserving of praise, had to be ruled out for exceeding the stipulated length: Charlotte C. Davis, Gambier, Ohio; Peggy Sanders, New York City; Rufus S. Day, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio; Jane Landau, Chicago, Illinois. Boys are in the minority this year. When they write, they prefer historical characters, and their essays quite naturally and properly are full of slang. Modern fiction is represented by Lulu Bett and Selina Peake. As the children take their favorite characters sightseeing the places most often talked about are Washington, D. C., and New York City. Notably, refreshments play a large part in the expedition. The characters mentioned run true to form. The girls talk of their old favorites, Jo, Pollyanna, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Alice in Wonderland, the Little Colonel, Topsy, Anne of Green Gables, and Sara Crewe. Even Elsie Dinsmore, Prudy, and Dotty Dimple are still in vogue. Shakespearian characters often intrude, and Dickens has a large following. The universal favorites are Tom and Huck, Peter Pan, and Robin Hood. The younger children are devoted to Mother Goose people, Dr. Dolittle, and animal characters. I was much interested in the following letter from Katharine Koch of Mishawaka, Indiana:

> As a teacher of reading and one who tries to instill in fourth, fifth, and sixth grade children a love for the best in children's literature, it is very discouraging to have the very youngsters who read and profess to enjoy "The Prince and the Pauper", "Children of Odin", "Peter Pan",

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"Heidi", "Pinocchio", "Dr. Dolittle", "Robin Hood", "The Water Babies", Nils, and little Diamond, revert in a "composition" of this nature to the Bobbsey twins, the Teeny Weenies, and the Fields — whoever they may be! When some psychologist has discovered the cause of and the solution for this dual literary appreciation I shall welcome it.

Here then, are the first two essays, printed exactly as they are written:

MY FRIENDS AND I GO SIGHT SEEING

By Christina Higginbotham

Age 12

Having heard that my friend, Miss Matty, who kept an old-fashioned boarding-house, was entertaining a large party of newcomers to America, I hastened over to help amuse them.

I stopped a moment at the parlor door to look at the picture before me. The room was an old one. There was a fire in the fireplace, which gave the room a reddish look. At one side was a low window and a window seat while in a corner stood the piano. Elizabeth Eliza sat at the piano, playing "Annie Laurie", and casting longing glances at Long John Silver who was reposing in a chair and smoking a pipe, his wooden leg stuck stiffly in front of him. In another corner was an ancient spinning wheel at which Evangeline was working. Lying comfortably among the pillows on the window seat, was Tom Sawyer, contentedly chewing tobacco, while Heidi told him about Switzerland. Stretch full length before the fire was Little Lord Fauntleroy, his head in his hands, listening to Alice who was reading aloud. Jo and Richard Carvel were playing checkers, Richard smiling calmly and Jo excitedly running her fingers through her hair. Scrooge was sitting in an armchair, frowning and muttering to himself.

"Beastly place! Beastly climate! Beastly rackett, Bah!" he kept saying. The famous John Dolittle was trying to help Miss Matty, (who seemed everywhere at once) and getting constantly in her way and tripping her up.

I was welcomed heartily by the group, who were getting tired of the off-tune piano, squeaking spinning wheel, the expressionless reading of Alice, and Scrooge's mutterings. They had no plans for the following so I agreed to take them to an art exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.

Next afternoon, we all got on a Fifth Avenue bus. Miss Matty, sitting by Doctor Dolittle, made him very anxious by saying that she had never ventured on to a bus before, because they looked so wobbly and she often had heart attacks.

At that moment, Jo gave a shriek and we turned around to see that her hat had blown off. Richard was already in the midst of the traffic and in a few minutes he came back with the hat which Jo pinned back upon her head most firmly.

Suddenly Evangeline leaned forward and whispered in a shocked way, "Can it be possible that those ladies have forgotten their dresses?" Going into Altman's were several girls with sleeveless dresses, bobbed hair, and painted faces. "What would my sister say!" gasped Miss Matty.

"Poor ladies, they must have had the measles and had to have their hair cut off," said Alice sympathetically.

Very soon we arrived at Central Park. As we got off the bus, a car went by. In it sat Mrs. Coolidge.

"She is our First Lady of the Land," I said. The Doctor quickly took off his hat and cried,

"Long live the Queen!" I was mortified and hurriedly took my friends to a quieter spot in the park.

Suddenly we heard a loud buzzing sound and looking up, we saw an airplane comming slowly down. Lord Fauntleroy and Tom were very excited and went running to the spot where it was preparing to land.

"I'se been on a balloon once, but balloons ain't s'nice as airplanes," said Tom.

"I haven't been on either," replied the other

"Naw? Oh gee! you'se missed somethin'. I'se been all over Europe in my balloon, me an' Huck Finn."

The Airplane gave a last buzz and dropped to the earth. As it did so, Miss Matty gave a scream and fainted. Doctor Dolittle tenderly laid her on the grass and taking a small bottle from his pocket, was about to pour its contents into her mouth when Elizabeth Eliza remarked,

"That is the same medicine as that you gave to Alice's kitten." Sure enough, when the bottle was closely examined, it was found to be labeled, "Good for Cats with Heart Disease.

By that time Miss Matty had come to, so I suggested that we have some refreshments and postpone seeing the exhibition until another day.

So we went to the nearest Mirror and sat down at a table.

Doctor Dolittle and Scrooge asked for tea. Jo tried a "Marshmellow Cream Fudge Maple Whip." Miss Matty asked for tea. Long John Silver shouted, "Yo Ho Ho and a bottle of rum," at the top of his voice. Heidi wanted goat's milk, but the rest took sundaes.

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Then we ordered two taxi cabs and arrived at last at the boarding house
I bade my friends goodnight, after promising to drop in again so that we might have some more delightful times

FROM THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

By Loraine Fielding

Age 14

"Oh, dear, where can everyone be," cried Rebecca, "I came all the way from Sunnybrook Farm to go on this sightseeing trip and it does'nt look as if we'd ever get started!"

"Why, my poor child," cried a voice behind her, "we've been waiting for you," and turning, Rebecca confronted King Arthur, who had ridden up unawares, on Black Beauty. "Come child, I'll soon have you with the rest of the party." So saying, he reached out a helping hand, lifting her up to his saddle, and they were soon off.

Suddenly rounding a clump of trees, Rebecca's astonished eyes saw a queer group of people, — Topsy, of Uncle Tom fame, with saucy little pigtails on end, came running out to meet them, frantically clutching bright-eyed Peter Rabbit in her arms, — Peck's Bad Boy, standing arm in arm with Freckled-face Tom Sawyer, a really dangerous combination, — Ben Hur in his flowing Toga, chatting with Robinson Crusoe in his hand-made out-fit, — and last but not least Rip VanWinkle carefully examining a shiny new flask, which one of the dwarfs had dropped when he exchanged guns with old Rip.

Now that the party was all assembled, no time was lost in climbing into the airoplane which was to carry them From The Edge of the World into New York City. Z—zzzzzz — went the motor and they were off, — to land before they knew it, on a grassy meadow in Central Park.

The Woolworth Building being their first point of interest, they took a Fifth Avenue bus, King Arthur gallantly bringing up the rear on faithful Black Beauty.

It was when well on their way that they were all startled by a shout of, — "Stop, quick! Stop, I say" — , and standing up on his seat was Tom Sawyer, excitedly craning his neck.

"Say, you, what's the matter?" demanded the angry conductor, when the bus had been stopped. "Has someone fallen off?"

"Oh, gee, no," calmly replied Tom, "I just wanted to see that playorgraph over there telling how the World Series was coming out."

A sharp rap on Tom's shins from Rip Van Winkle's staff instantly subdued this excitable young man.

The rest of the trip, beeing made with out incident, they soon arrived at the Woolworth Building.

It was while the party were getting into the elevator and the operator had stepped out for a moment, that Peck's Bad Boy, who had always had a curiosity to run one, pushed the lever. Up, up, up, they shot!

"Stop! Stop!" cried Rebecca. "we'll all be killed."

"I can't stop," gasped the Bad Boy, "I don't know how to."

"Oh"! wailed Topsy, "is we going up to Heaven."

"*You* may," he yelled, "but I'll go to the other place for starting this blamed thing."

"Here," cried King Arthur, "let me stop it. I used to run them in my castle."

Jerking the lever from the boy's hand, he brought the elevator to a stop, landing his breathless passengers on the top floor.

After a half hours airoplane view of New York, lunch was voted to be the next most interesting event on the list. So they boarded a trolley for a restaurant.

It was the Automat that held the greatest attraction for them. Putting in money, and food coming out was quite a game, and soon had them interested.

Peter Rabbit, escaping from Topsy's arms, ran hurriedly up to Tom Sawyer and asked in a squeaky voice for a cup of iced coffee.

"Sure", replied Tom, "stand under this tank with your cup, Pete, and I'll get you all you can drink."

Then making sure that no one was looking, he jabbed a hole in the tank with his knife. Just at this moment Topsy, missing her charge, turned to see poor Peter drowning in a stream of iced coffee.

"Help! Help!" she screamed, and Ben Hur, seeing his plight, rushed gallantly to the rescue, pulling out an alive but coffee bedraggled rabbit.

Calling two taxis, with Black Beauty following, they soon reached the aquarium.

"Oh, looka that thing," cried Topsie with awe, "if that ain't the whale that swallered Jonah," as she pointed to a sea-monster. So seriously was it said that a shout of laughter burst forth.

Here an interesting hour was spent in seeing the wonders of the sea, — angel-fish, porcupine-fish, sea-horses, box-fish and other queer kinds.

Because of the lateness of the hour, it was decided that a start for home should be made at once. So, after one of the most novel and thrilling days they had ever spent out of their various story-books, they all climbed, tired but happy, into the big plane

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which was waiting for them in Battery Park, — once more to begin their journey back to The Edge of the World.

There is sometimes a tendency to treat the so called little theatre movement lightly, and certainly George Kelly's "The Torch-Bearers", that exquisite burlesque, had a double message. Yet, as I heard from New Haven the other day that Professor George Pierce Baker was more than happy there this year in his work, I could not help but feel that here is a man who has really given America some outlet for its dreams and desires of self expression. More than anyone else, I think, Professor Baker has fostered and spread the little theatre movement among amateurs. His travels and efforts in this direction have been untiring — still are. He has done for the diminutive drama the sort of missionary work that William Lyon Phelps did for the Russian novel. In cities, towns, and hamlets now there are groups of one sort or another putting on plays. Some of them seek the highly artistic, all of them, doubtless, find an outlet not only for artistic ambitions but for the display of temperament that any amateur theatrical cast, any theatrical cast as a matter of fact, knows too well. I remember one producer who numbered the chances of a play's success on the frequency with which he lost his temper. Philip Barry's "In a Garden" is an example, it seems to me, of Professor Baker's teaching at its height. Urbane, pleasant, literate, and at times beautiful, this drama is an able and distinguished addition to the slender list of American high comedy. Such a delicate thing was sure to be slaughtered by the butcherly critics. Mr. Woollcott, going back to the "World" in a twitter, wrote a totally incoherent review in which he said that he really didn't know what to say. Since then, however, he has found himself, and can appreciate the subtle merits of Mr. Barry's writing and Miss Taylor's superb performance. Mr. Woollcott has, unquestionably, fine sensibilities to the beauties of the stage. Perhaps it is this same delicacy of feeling that permits him to become

Colin Campbell Clements

vituperative toward persons who, for one reason or another, offend his nervous system. In Boston, a young gentleman named Colin Campbell Clements seems to be carrying the torch of drama to the eager. He was at one time with Stuart Walker in the Portmanteau Theatre. He has written plays of his own, and poetry, too, and made anthologies of one sort or another. From Boston, on his way to Mexico, came Henry Beston the other day, with anecdotes of Cape Cod and Beacon Street and the intention of writing a novel. Beston is one of the people who, like his "Gallant Vagabonds", seem never to stay in one place for long, although he is usually to be found in the vicinity of the Cape some time during the summer. Cornelia Otis Skinner, whose play "Captain

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Fury", in which her father is starring, has just gone into rehearsal, is another of these wanderers. She is always just setting out for the Bahamas, or South Africa, or France, or somewhere else, and says that New York City is only a place from which to start forth on one's travels. The one thing in the world she knows best, it seems, is pirates — and her play is a pirate play. To be sure, she knows acting too, as you are aware if you have seen her in a play, or in her constantly sparkling monologues.

Not to be outdone by our recorder of fashions, our travel editor has lately been out newsgathering. And she turns in this report:

Plunging into a roomful of women editors was a terrifying experience. Here were 83 of them, representing the various New York publishing houses and publications. As Chairman Ida Clyde Clarke pointed out, they had been gathered together for the first time in history, so far as anyone knows. The occasion was a luncheon given by the American Woman's Association in behalf of the colossal clubhouse which the Association is erecting on West Twenty Third Street for the business and professional women of New York. Sandwiched in comfortably between "The Billboard" and "The Boy Scouts Magazine", I forgot my fears and was able to divide my attention successfully between the food and the remarks of Mrs. Clarke, Miss Robinson Smith, and Miss Odell of the McClure syndicate who has the distinction of being the only woman syndicate editor in captivity. Miss Odell related that about twelve years ago she used to make a pilgrimage on the first Sunday of each month to the home of Edwin Markham on Staten Island. When the trolley paused before his gate, the initiates would at once disembark. Then the conductor would walk the length of the car scrutinizing the women carefully; and, pointing to certain ones, would say: "You get out here, madam — this is Mr. Markham's house." Never once did he make a mistake. But now, added Miss Odell sadly, you just can't tell by appearances. Take the dignified editors present: by their looks, they might be anything from movie actresses to wives and mothers. One of the ladies raised a question apropos of the statement that, outside the 5,000 charter members of the Association, no woman may enjoy clubhouse privileges unless she is actively engaged in business. The lady said: "What of the writers? Can they ever be said definitely to retire?" A delicate question to propound to a group of editors, I should say.

In looking over "The British Weekly", in the column which its editor calls "Dr. Hutton's Class", I discovered a fine essay on Francis Thompson's "Poems on Children". These paragraphs I quote seem to me to have a bearing far deeper than on the poet of the Nineties and to be particularly appropriate at a time when there is such general interest in verses for children — part of this interest undoubtedly only the longing in grown ups to renew the innocence of other years. Dr. Hutton's discussions of Thompson continue from week to week and are both informative and fascinating reading.

Well, it is another of these paradoxes which keep the grass green and life a constant surprise, first, that Thompson should have written poetry at all; next, that he should have written about children; and again, that, having proposed to write about children, he should have written so convincingly, so innocently, so like a child. I know my Barrie and I know my Stevenson, and how they both visit the nursery. But, in my own view, what makes the poignancy of their observations on children is that they are not observations on children at all, but rather the yearning of men after something that life has not given them. They turn to children, as a Turgeniev pours out his genius on young girls, because (at such moments at least) they regret our later and inevitable life.

Once again, it is a most remarkable thing that Thompson, of all that notable group of literary men who flourished and ripened and rotted amongst us about the 1890's, was the only one who had this consecrated eye for childhood. He tells his little godchild Monica Meynell that when she leaves this world and reaches that other place she is not to waste time looking for him (Thompson) amongst the "bearded counsellors of God"; that she is sure to find him "in the nurseries of Heaven".

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